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TILLANDSIA

(Spanish Moss)

Weaver and woven in one is she,  
And whence are the strands she weaves?  
Not from the loam and not from the tree  
She spins her chains of curling leaves.  
Her shuttle the ear can never hear;  
Her spindle the eye can never see,  
Gathers in one the elusive three—  
Air and rain and the soft sunshine.  
Warp and woof of her own design  
Weaveth Tillandsia.

When Winter croons through her festoons  
'Neath waning moons in minor key—  
She's like the shades in Acheron  
With the vanished days they brood upon  
In sombre ecstasy.  
What are the scenes she broods upon?—  
Forms of a race of banished men,  
Wild life vanished beyond our ken,  
Conquistadors with a Spanish pride  
Staining the sands with a crimson tide,  
Flamingos, color of the dawn,  
Slain through the sins of Christian men,  
Thus, like the shades in Acheron,  
Broodeth Tillandsia,

Spanish moss, like Spanish lace,  
Her artistry o'er all we trace,—  
Bayous, swamps and Everglades,  
Drowsing Keys in Mangrove shades,  
Hummock lands whose virgin sands  
Nurse the tall, long-fingered pines—  
There her undulating lines,  
Quivering as the daylight fades,  
Waveth Tillandsia.

Where rivers rise from silver springs  
The *Mimus* bird his vespers sings,  
The white Egret her plumage preens—  
The fairest, the most secret scenes—  
Her gray mantilla lightly screens—  
Drapes and screens in Florida—  
Brooding Tillandsia.

JAMES B. THOMAS.

Winter Park, Florida.

## THE COMIC SPIRIT AS CRITIC

To the eyes of the uninitiate, Meredith wears the garb of poet and novelist; penetrating farther, one must recognize in him the critic. Pursuing no set system, he yet erects a critical standard of his own, a point of view on life—in fine, what all criticism offers. Any novelist, any poet (one may say) represents a point of view; how few represent it as clearly and intensely as Meredith, one discovers by random effort at comparison. His intensity belongs all to the intellect, though with intellect's whole recognition of the functions of passion ("My aim . . . is never to take counsel of my sensations, but of my intelligence; I let the former have free play, but deny them the right to bring me to a decision.") He presents, then, through novels and poems, in high truth, if not always high seriousness ('what need have truth of seriousness, if it be truth?'), a criticism of life. Undisguised, this criticism takes shape unto itself in the essay on the Idea of Comedy, yet it is in the Letters that he voices the thought best prefacing this: ". . . My views of life are taken to be eccentric. They can hardly pretend to the title of philosophy, they are so simple. They are not the views of society, it is true. . . . Society has little love of Earth (or Nature), and gives ear mainly to those who shiver with dread of the things that are, not seeing that *a frank acceptance of Reality is the firm basis of the Ideal.*" The italics are mine, for here I see the key to Meredith's mystery, the wonder of a man who could believe—and practice belief—in Reality as the basis of the Ideal. An axiom, this, cries the superficial. But where is another man of Meredith's stature, who has held to this creed; who, looking steadily at Reality, has neither descended, by moments, into the dregs of it, and ultimately lost all conception of ideal; nor, else, mounted in a too-airy balloon of idealism, risen past sight and sound of the realities? "To love Comedy, you must love the real world, and know men and women well enough not to expect too much of them, though you may still hope for good." "The idealistic conception of Comedy gives breadth

and opportunities of daring to Comic genius, and helps to solve the difficulties it creates. . . . Contempt is a sentiment that cannot be entertained by Comic intelligence. . . . The aim and business of the Comic poet is misunderstood, his meaning is not seized, nor his point of view taken, when he is accused of dishonoring our nature and being hostile to sentiment, tending to spitefulness and making an unfair use of laughter. Those who detect irony in Comedy do so because they refuse to see it in life."

With these and other refinements upon the idea of Comedy, Meredith makes way for the definition which is the quintessence of his work. But, first, one must apprehend what he has already said—the differentiation of the comic spirit from ridicule, satire, irony, and humor. Comedy is, for him, nothing less than the vantage-point from which he surveys all nature, always in intellectual mastery of himself and of the human scene, never in passion of commendation or contempt, quietly, always, with the fine-drawn smile. He who would grasp this philosophy must take into his mind these things: "If you believe that our civilization is founded on common-sense (and it is the first condition of sanity to believe it), you will, when contemplating men, discern a Spirit overhead; not more heavenly than the light flashed upward from glassy surfaces, but luminous and watchful; never shooting beyond them, nor lagging in the rear; so closely attached to them that it may be taken for a slavish reflex, until its features are studied. It has the sage's brows, and the sunny malice of a faun lurks at the corners of the half-closed lips drawn in idle weariness of half tension. . . . Men's future upon earth does not attract it; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does; and whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting dementedly; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually or in the bulk—the Spirit overhead will look



humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by silvery laughter. That is the Comic spirit."

And that, in its way, is Meredith. Interpenetrated with his idea, recognizing in it the very motive-spring of his intellectual being, one brings a more reasoned appreciation to his critical application—"the uses of the Comic Spirit." "Without undervaluing other writers of Comedy, I think it may be said that Menander and Molière stand alone especially as comic poets of the feelings and the idea. In each of them there is a conception of the comic that refines even to pain. . . ." The last clause speaks tellingly; in so many of his own works, 'the conception of the comic refines even to pain.' Yet, less poignant comedy finds place in the category, and with beautiful justness: "Shakespeare is a well-spring of characters which are saturated with the comic spirit, with more of what we call blood-life than is to be found anywhere out of Shakespeare, and they are of this world, but they are of the world enlarged to our embrace by imagination, and great poetic imagination." To Congreve he accords full fairness, summed up in the sentence: "*The Way of the World* is an exception to our other comedies, his own among them, by virtue of the remarkable brilliancy of the writing and the figure of Millamant." He cries: "O for a breath of Aristophanes, Rabelais, Voltaire, Cervantes, Fielding, Molière!" and thus sweepingly flings open the door to his choicest gallery of comic spirits.

Then, of poets in this genre Meredith prefers Menander and Molière; nowhere does his critical acuity shine forth more keenly than in the remarks on the latter: "Life, we know too well, is not a Comedy, but something strangely mixed; nor is Comedy a vile mask. . . . The Comedy of Molière throws no infamous reflection upon life. It is deeply conceived, in the first place, and therefore cannot be impure. Meditate on that statement." The statement well bears meditation, and in the end reveals in Meredith the spirit of the ancient Greeks, their harmonious acceptance of a natural order of things. "The source of his wit is clear reason; it is a fountain of that soil, and it springs to vindicate reason, common-sense, righteousness and justice, for no vain purpose ever." Effortless

beauty of style, as well as penetration, speaks in the passage beginning: "Contrast the wit of Congreve with Molière's. That of the first is a Toledo blade, sharp and wonderfully supple for steel; it is cast for duelling, restless in the scabbard, being so pretty when out of it. To shine, it must have an adversary. Molière's wit is like a running brook, with innumerable fresh lights on it at every turn of the wood through which its business is to find a way. It does not run in search of obstructions, to be noisy over them; but when dead leaves and viler substances are heaped along its course, its natural song is heightened. Without effort, and with no dazzling flashes of achievement, it is full of healing, the wit of good breeding, the wit of wisdom." (So, too, the wit of Meredith.)

Here is criticism as it might have been practised among the Greeks, had they more completely recognized this branch of art. "Comedy, on the other hand, is an interpretation of the general mind, and is for that reason of necessity kept in restraint." Measure and harmony, of idea and of form, the testing of the individual and his concerns by universal principles and ideals—these are Meredith's performances. Essentially and superficially, he represents the classic idea—essentially, as has been said; externally, in the beautiful manners which clothe his beautifully unmannered diction. "The laughter of Comedy is impersonal and of unrivaled politeness, nearer a smile. . . . It laughs through the mind, for the mind directs it; and it might be called the humour of the mind."

As completely master of his province as a gentleman in his drawing-room, self-contained, yet watchful within as without, the criticism of Meredith perhaps suffers, in one sense, from its good breeding. He applies himself always to the most difficult of tasks—rendering praise—with censure only for what obscures the excellent, deeming all else beneath notice. His inherent classical restraint leads him to say (in the Letters): "The lady who speaks of a *greatest* should be told that such a creature was never seen in the world at any time. He can always be challenged." Thus he lifts up his voice in the wilderness neither to herald nor to decry; the clear sweetness of accents like his is, in these latest loud-talking decades, oftenest drowned.

Besides the acuteness of estimating aright a man and his work, Meredith possesses the larger critical faculty of judging the literature of an epoch, or of a nation. He can touch it off with a sentence: "Spanish comedy is generally in sharp outline, as of skeletons; in quick movement, as of marionnettes." Or "German attempts at comedy . . . like the portly graces of the poor old Pyrenean Bear poising and twisting on his right hind leg and his left. . . ." Or "The English public are most in sympathy with the primitive Aristophanic comedy, wherein the comedy is capped by the grotesque, irony tips the wit, and satire is a naked sword."

Yet, too truly the artist to leave these vivid words suspended like gay rags along a line, he constructs out of each a garment for his thought, until, completely clothed, that thought can present itself to society. Of the Germans, for example, he further says: "They are acute critics, yet they still wield clubs in controversy. Compare them in this respect with the people schooled in La Bruyère, La Fontaine, Molière. . . . It is more than a difference of race. It is the difference of traditions, temper and style, which comes of schooling. The French controversialist is a polished swordsman, to be dreaded in his graces and courtesies . . . [The Germans] are kings in music, we may say princes in poetry, good speculators in philosophy, and our leaders in scholarship."

Beside the urbane internationalism of this, it is no mere passing of bonbons around the European dinner-table; it carries the weight of Meredith's German education, and his life-long familiarity with French letters. Closely allied with this broad culture, and his critical touchstone, the political ideal he represents has expressed itself, too, in the essay. He says: "If the Comic idea prevailed with us, and we had an Aristophanes to barb and wing it, we should be breathing air of Athens. . . . Whether right or wrong in his politics and his criticisms, and bearing in mind the instruments he played on and the audience he had to win, there is an idea in his comedies: it is the Idea of Good Citizenship." This suggests Arnold, and his ideal of the State. The parable applies itself even more directly in the Letters: "Generally I am with the Liberals, but I do not always take

Party views. The independent person is not held to be worth hearing in times of excitement." That states, partly, the reason for Meredith's lack of critical influence in his own day, and even now. Arnold, to be sure, preached non-partisanship, but he *preached* it; as Meredith himself says: "Matthew Arnold was born from the pulpit and occupied it, and might have sermonized for all time, but that he conceived the head of the clerk below to be the scone of the British public, and that he must drum on it with an iterated phrase perpetually to awaken understanding." To his cherished Lady Ulrica Duncombe, Meredith writes: "Have you a mind for political affairs? I trust you not to shun them; they brace the mind, are open air to it."

One of his dominant themes is, of course, woman; he weaves her in masterly fashion into the Comic idea: "Now Comedy is the fountain of sound sense; and Comedy lifts women to a station offering them free play for their wit. . . . The higher the Comedy, the more prominent the part they enjoy in it." Later: "The poor voice allowed to women in German domestic life will account for the absence of comic dialogues reflecting upon life in that land. . . . Eastward you have total silence of Comedy, among a people intensely susceptible to laughter, as the Arabian Nights will testify. When the veil is over women's faces, you cannot have society, without which the senses are barbarous, and the Comic Spirit is driven to the gutters of grossness to slake its thirst. . . . There never will be civilization where comedy is not possible, and that comes of some degree of social equality of the sexes. . . . Let cultivated women recognize that the Comic muse is one of their best friends. They will see where they have no social freedom, Comedy is silent: where they are household drudges, the form of Comedy is primitive: where they are tolerably independent, but uncultivated, exciting melodrama takes its place, and a sentimental version of them." In the Letters, he voices even more concretely this feminism—in 1888—something of a novelty: "I have this feeling for women, because, what with nature and the world, they are the most heavily burdened. I can foresee great and blessed changes for the race when they have achieved independence, for that must come of the exercise of their minds—



the necessity for which is induced by their reliance on themselves for subsistence. Thus they will work out their problem." Later, in 1905, his faith has not deserted him: "I have not studied them more closely than I have men, but with more affection, a deeper interest in their enfranchisement and development, being assured that women of the independent mind are needed for any sensible degree of progress. They will so educate their daughters, that these will not be instructed at the start to think themselves naturally inferior to men, because less muscular, and need not have recourse to particular arts, feline chiefly, to make their way in the world." Several years earlier he had reproached his friend, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, for "the irrational obstructiveness" of refusing to support women's suffrage. "The case with women resembles that of the Irish. We have played fast and loose with them, until now they are encouraged to demand what they know not how to use, but have a just right to claim. If the avenues of our professions had been thrown open to them, they might have learnt the business of the world, to be competent to help in governing. But these were closed, women were commanded to continue their reliance upon their poor attractions. Consequently, as with the Irish, they push to grasp the baguette which gives authority. And they will get it; and it will be a horrible time. But better than present sights."

To return to the Essay: a letter to Lady Ulrica gives his own summing-up of it: "Well, I will send you my essay on Comedy and The Uses of the Comic Spirit, wherein you will see that an accurate perception of foibles in those whom we love does not lessen the love, or perhaps even the reverence. It is only a vindication of our intellect—the seeing in what way our hero or friend or beloved is a little vanitous and pretentious, not quite honest at the moment. Our good English know next to nothing of this most instructive and corrective of Spirits." Mark the true Comic atmosphere of that last sentence; no bitterness, no complaint, "The laughter . . . impersonal and of unrivalled politeness, . . . for the mind directs it."

Before quite departing from the Essay, one must mention a preoccupation which finds there but little direct expression,

yet breathes an invisible presence through the whole. This is style. Of Congreve he says: "He hits the mean of a fine style and a natural in dialogue. He is at once precise and voluble. If you have ever thought upon style, you will acknowledge it to be a signal accomplishment. In this he is a classic. . . . *The Way of the World* may be read out currently at first glance, so sure are the accents of the emphatic meaning to strike the eye, perforce of the crispness and cunning polish of the sentences . . . ." Yet for all the pleasure in 'crispness and cunning polish', he recognizes other merits in the Letters: "I have been pleased with the *plain writing* of Becket's history. . . ." Of himself, to his son Arthur: "I am allowed the reputation of a tolerable guide in writing, and style, and I can certainly help you to produce clear English. . . ."—lines worthily free of the mock modesty of self-depreciation. Of poetic style: "No one but Milton has the roll of the English line. The French Alexandrine . . . is (though far off) nearer to ancient poetical music than anything we have out of Milton." He and Arthur held a correspondence on the various influences in the English language—Latin, Norman-French, Celtic. But this has less significance than the witty and characteristic touches in one of the long letters to Lady Ulrica: ". . . prose, a harder task in English than in French. Few Englishmen can write a resonant prose dialogue that is not blatant; and when avoiding those alarms, they drop to flabbiness. It is merely to say that Style is rarely achieved here. Your literary hero, lecturing on Style may have a different opinion. The prose in Shakespeare and Congreve is perfect. They have always the right accent on their terminations. Apart from drama, Swift is a great exemplar; Bolingbroke, and, in his mild tea-table way, Addison, follow. Johnson and Macaulay wielded bludgeons; they had not the strength that can be supple. Gibbon could take a long stride with the leg of a dancing-master; he could not take a short one." Besides the critical acumen of these sentences, they effectively illustrate his own qualities of style—the sharp directness, the pungency of epithet, the well-bred undernote of Irish laughter. He is, first, after Truth; achieving Truth, he can make it into phrases. . . . Nearly all his direct literary criticism appears



in the Letters, in such remarks as these, clear-cut, pointed as an arrow winging its way to the target. More of these later.

The question of style entrains another, already suggested—of realism. In a letter of '64: "Between Realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that. Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt that which it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this. Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe, and in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists *au fond*. But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command. They give us Earth; but it is earth with an atmosphere. . . . Just as sound prose is of more worth than pretentious poetry, I hold the man who gives a plain wall of fact higher in esteem than one who is constantly shuffling the clouds and dealing with airy, delicate sentimentalities, headless and tailless imaginings, despising our good, plain strength."

In 1887 he expressed himself more strongly, in one of the rare outbursts of invective: "Nigh the end [of a book by Mendès], Zola seemed to me a very haven, Maupassant a garden. Who reads must smell putrid for a month. . . . It is the monsterization of Zolaism. O what a nocturient, cacaturient crew has issued of the lens of the Sun of the mind on the lower facts of life!—on sheer Realism, breeder at best of the dung-fly! Yet has Realism been a corrective of the more corruptingly vaporous with its tickling hints at sensuality. It may serve ultimately in form of coprolite to fatten poor soil for better produce." This faith remained unbroken: "No realism frightens me. At its worst, I take it as a correction of the flimsy, to which our litera-

ture has a constant tendency to recur. Even the lowest appears to me more instructive than Byronics."

Byron, incidentally, receives less of Meredithian well-bred disdain than Tennyson, for whom his favorite adjective was 'rose-pink': "Likewise more of Byron! He's abused, so I take to him; and I'm a little sick of Tennysonian green tea. I don't think Byron wholesome—exactly, but a drop or so—Eh? And he doesn't give limp, lackadaisical fishermen, and pander to the depraved sentimentalism of our drawing-rooms. I tell you that *Enoch Arden* is ill done, and that in twenty years' time it will be denounced as villanous weak, in spite of the fine (but too conscious) verse, and the rich insertions of the tropical scenery." Or again: "The '*Holy Grail*' is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin lengths, the figures *Sèvres china*. . . . I turn to *Rabelais* and *Montaigne* with relief. See what a gentleman *Boccaccio* is in his narration! and always manly, always fresh. Do you care to find the *Holy Grail*, Fred? Twenty years ago it would have excited me. This your foremost Poet is twenty years behind his time. . . . Answer me—isn't there a scent of damned hypocrisy in all this lisping and vowelled purity of the *Idylls*? . . . It's fashionable; it pleases the rose-pink ladies, it sells. Enough."

There is more in the same strain, but enough has been cited to show Meredith in his mood of semi-serious condemnation, the condemnation always of the Comic Spirit, yet tinged a little with the human indignation of the man. Most seriously, he declares: "Tennyson has many spiritual indications, but no philosophy, and philosophy is the palace of thought. Mill is essentially a critic: it is his heart, not his mind, which sends him feeling ahead. But he really does not touch the soul and springs of the Universe as Carlyle does. Only, when the latter attempts practical dealings he is irritable as a woman, impetuous as a tyrant. He seeks the short road to his ends; and the short road is, we know, a bloody one. He is not wise; Mill is; but Carlyle has most light when he burns calmly. Much of Ruskin's *Political Economy* will, I suspect, be stamped as good by posterity. He brings humanity into it."

Time has confirmed so many of these dicta that they speak en-

duringly for Meredith's gifts of penetration, of recognition, of prophecy. He speaks, in fact, so well for himself that one is tempted to leave to him most of the speaking.

Though he called himself, always, 'a poet and a novelist'—usually, 'an unpopular poet and novelist'—Meredith's theories of criticism were as sharply defined as they were inherent to the temper of his mind. He would probably not have considered the Idea of Comedy what it appears to us—an essay in criticism, a tremendous literary idea—but he felt himself completely at home in the critical milieu, used its terms with assurance, and turned his back steadfastly on the stupidities of English Reviews. "I hold strongly to the value of French criticism, whether in praise or blame. The latter is done (by the masters in the art) with so fine an irony that it instructs without wounding any but the vanitous person; and the eulogy confers green laurels instead of gilt. England has little criticism beyond the expression of likes and dislikes, the stout vindication of an old conservatism in taste. I have seen many reviews, not one criticism of my books in prose and verse." "The expression of likes and dislikes" is exactly what Meredith does not represent; his whole critical tone is in the accents of a reasoned point of view, an intellectual approach to his matter, which guarantees beforehand the absence of prejudice.

A volume might be compiled—and worthily—of his judgments on his contemporaries. For the present purpose, bare mention must suffice. Perhaps the great Victorian whom he appreciated most (and knew best) was Morley. Leslie Stephen he knew well and loved; an almost passionate appreciation of Swinburne (on the latter's death) was the very last word he wrote. Of Carlyle: "I don't agree with Carlyle a bit, but I do enjoy him." This grew into more fervent terms of admiration, some of them already given. Hardy "afflicted" him, "with his twilight view of life." He felt "unable to speak of Ruskin's monstrous assumption of wisdom." Abroad, he recognized, in a day when even Frenchmen failed to do so, Stendhal. An enthusiasm for Hugo's lyrical outbursts did not blind him to their lack of philosophy. Maupassant's technique moved his generous artist's praise, but he felt deeply the lack, as he would

have said it, of the ideal. Henley and Hardman were both his friends. Of the Americans (if one can call them such), he entertained and enjoyed Whistler and Henry James. He spoke of Lowell "whom I love". With the young Barrie he maintained a pleasant acquaintance; with the Stevensons (of two families), warm friendship. William Morris he disliked: "I have looked at Morris's poem, 'Love is enough'. I looked away. The look was enough." He called 'The Shropshire Lad' "a revelry of naturalness." He regretted James Thomson as a fine spirit sadly used by circumstance. In short, Meredith represents what he called Edmund Gosse—"that rare thing in our country, a critic." . . . Yet, perhaps for reasons suggested, little recognized as such.

One could continue indefinitely citations of the criticisms scattered richly throughout the Letters—rich in wisdom, and wit, in aptitude of phrase, and justice of judgment. He is, as critic, strikingly the man of taste, impeccable in his literary wardrobe as a Beau Brummel of letters. Yet the word taste wears a suspect air in the English tongue, a scent of dandyism betraying the simile. Let us say, then, that Meredith had the taste of the Greeks, the native sense of measure and harmony, 'watchful and luminous'. . . . with 'the sage's brows'—and 'the slim, feasting smile' of The Comic Spirit.

ELIZABETH THOMAS NELSON.

Washington, D. C.

## ARCHITECTURE AND THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE

The Renaissance was a transition. It was a shift from old ways of painting, writing, thinking, living, to new ways. The Middle Ages stand at one end of the Renaissance, modern times at the other. "The Renaissance, in the largest sense of the term, is the whole process of transition in Europe from the mediæval to the modern order."<sup>1</sup> This process was a well-defined movement, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, like the plot of a five-act tragedy; the beginning was slow, but gradual, the development was swift, culminating in the heights of a brilliant climax, which was followed by a decline, still brilliant, but a decline notwithstanding; and this was followed by the close of the movement, as inevitable in its coming as the catastrophe of a great tragedy.

"There is no even upward progress of art," says Prior;<sup>2</sup> "art shows herself on a summit by fits and starts, and the moments of her exaltations are brief; the peaks she gains would seem of such narrow foothold, that the next step hurries her down to be again lost in the waste of commonplace." The story of art is not that of the triumphant progress of a science or social evolution. Art develops like a plant. ". . . Then comes a rapid and intense development; the flower blossoms; an advance is made in a few years greater than in centuries that preceded. . . . What has happened is that the circle of the experimenters has become immensely widened. . . . The whole being of the age, its religions and its philosophies, its aspirations and conceptions, are concentrated on art as the one means of expression."<sup>3</sup> Such an age was the Renaissance. Literature, painting, sculpture, rose to heights unknown since Grecian times, and the artist, merely because he was an artist, was a favored citizen of his country. Nobles of wealth and power, and even rulers,

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<sup>1</sup> Jebb, *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. I, p. 532.

<sup>2</sup> Edward S. Prior, *A History of Gothic Art in England*, p. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Prior, p. 7.



were glad to be known as the patrons of such men as Raphael, Benvenuto Cellini, Spenser.

But the Renaissance was not only for the artist—the common people, in every country where the movement appeared, began to take a new interest in the beauties of life. They paid more attention to their dress, their homes, partly of course because of new wealth that came as a result of exploration, itself an important part of the Renaissance, and began to think for themselves. A favorite definition of the period is that it saw the “modern rebirth of the individual soul,” that it was “man’s discovery of himself.” Men were becoming alive to life. “At the time when, shut up in their gloomy fortresses, the feudal aristocracy of northern Europe knew nothing of domestic refinement and little even of comfort, the Italian gentry were already enjoying a home life which had much to commend it in the way of decency and grace. These circumstances bore direct influence on manners. Wealth brought leisure; it bred a taste for luxury; it provided ample opportunity and means for the gratification of that taste. Rich men began to devote a portion of their time to intellectual and artistic pursuits, and their zest for such things was further stimulated both by public admiration and by the rivalry of others situated like themselves.”<sup>4</sup>

In England the Renaissance concerned itself mainly with literature. There were manifestations of the new spirit other than artistic: the intense nationalism of the people especially under the reign of Elizabeth, the pride in the English navy and the adventures of Hawkins, Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, the loyalty to the Church of England. But in the arts it was literature that took the lead, a lead so commanding that no other period in the world’s history has produced anything like it. Perhaps it was because the output in literature was so overwhelming, in quantity as well as quality, that the other arts could make such little headway.

Certainly the painting and sculpture in Renaissance England were virtually negligible. There was only one great name in painting—Holbein. But Holbein was not English. He was

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<sup>4</sup>W. H. Hudson, *The Story of the Renaissance*, p. 13.



an influence in England, however, and as Sir Walter Armstrong says,<sup>5</sup> "A very large number of pictures exist which would never have put on the form in which we see them had he never come to England." He died in 1543, in the dawn of the English Renaissance. The next great name in painting was Van Dyck, who came nearly a hundred years later. Like Holbein, Van Dyck was a foreigner; but although he comes in the Renaissance period, he is really one of the founders of the modern school of English painting. In sculpture there were no names worthy of the age. The English Renaissance produced a host of poets, dramatists, and prose writers, English to the core; but there was not one English painter or sculptor whose name is familiar to us to-day.

Architecture fared better. There was not so much activity in building as there was in the sister art of literature. But then England had <sup>as yet</sup> had no literature to speak of since Chaucer, and the need was great, whereas in architecture much had been going on. All the great cathedrals had been built; indeed, after Henry VIII took over the monasteries, there was no church building in England until the Great Fire of 1666 gave Wren his opportunity. The builders had to turn their attention to something else. It was in keeping with the spirit of the Renaissance that men wanted to improve their houses—and so the builders had their chance. The two outstanding characteristics of Renaissance architecture in England, both typical of the new era, were the development of the dwelling-place, and the emergence of the individual architect.

The early manor-house was as much a fortress as a home. It was built to withstand attack. Comfort, symmetry, effective planning, were dispensed with in favor of safety. But with the coming of peaceful times, the manor-house took on a different aspect. All thought of defense being abandoned, the house could be more compact and symmetrical. Windows could look out on all sides, family apartments increased in number, the "dining parlor" was being mentioned in plans. The hall was still the nucleus of the building, but it was no

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<sup>5</sup> *Art in Great Britain and Ireland*, p. 163.

longer the center of family life. It became merely an entrance, through which one went to the more attractive apartments. The lay-out of the grounds around the manor-house claimed attention. The garden was part of the general effect. Bacon's *Of Gardens* gives an idea of what the grounds of a great Elizabethan manor-house must have been like, just as his *Of Building* describes the plan of the house itself.

The Elizabethan manor-house was the most sensible and comfortable of the large dwelling-places yet built in England, and it was also the most artistic. Warwick Castle is a noble building, and expresses its purpose well; but it was a product of feudal times, and seems less a home than a stronghold. As we see it to-day, it is a picture out of the past; our imagination peoples it with knights in armor busily hurrying to and fro, or with upright lances sternly guarding portals or ramparts. Without them the castle seems somewhat forlorn. It was a residence, but it was also a military establishment, and so had to combine two functions in one building. Compare it with Burghley House, or Wollaton House, or Montacute; the latter have the advantage of expressing a single purpose, always to be desired in artistic effect, and the additional and more important advantage of being consciously planned to express that purpose. A great many houses were built in this period; indeed, "Almost every nobleman and squire in the country either rebuilt or enlarged, or altered his house."<sup>6</sup>

The Italian gentry of the Renaissance may have had a home life of "decency and grace" when northern Europe was still under feudal rule, but the Renaissance came late to the north. When it came to England, it produced residences as fine as any in Italy. Indeed, the great English houses have a restraint, a sort of sanity, which we have come to expect of the English in all their activities, much more effective really than the more elaborate and ornate palaces of Italy. Such a book as Nash's *Mansions of England in the Olden Time* gives us a good idea of the manor-house. Externally the house was usually massive and symmetrical. Internally the rooms were large and light, furnished with

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<sup>6</sup> J. A. Gotch, *The Growth of the English House*, p. 154.

heavy, comfortable furnishings. The external materials were usually large blocks of stone, square or oblong. The internal furnishings were of wood. There is excellent woodwork in these buildings, the equal of any in Europe. There is much paneling and carving, the latter often very elaborate. The ceilings are especially noteworthy and deserve careful study. The elaborateness of the carved work may seem out of keeping with the restraint and sanity before mentioned, until it is remembered that at this time many foreign artisans came to England, that to them was entrusted much of the detail work, and that native workers imitated their manner.

The Elizabethan manor-house was very large. Some of the largest houses England ever possessed belong to this time. The house was three and sometimes four stories high. The rooms were also large, and the furniture substantial. A prominent and essential feature was the long gallery, which was first used in Wolsey's Hampton Court Palace, and was retained for the next hundred years in all the large Elizabethan and Jacobean houses. This was the period of the rectangular room, with oblong windows, usually mullioned, panels on the walls and ceilings, rectangular tables, square-looking chairs. There were few curves; the general effect was linear, and this again seems in keeping with the English character. The room was not cluttered up with furniture, but was made to appear orderly and serene. Inventories of the time seem to indicate that there was not very much furniture, probably just enough for daily use. Such an inventory may be found in Hubert Hall's *Society in the Elizabethan Age*.<sup>1</sup> The rooms inventoried are interesting—"In the great chaumber there", "In the chaumber by the bote house", "In the Larder", "In the Chappell", "In the newe chaumber at the great chaumber doore", "In the Chappell Chaumber", "In the galerye", "In the Chaumber, over the kytchin", "In the Wardrope", "In the Gentlemens Chaumber", "In the Chaumber, next the porters lodge, callid the Stuardes Chaumber", "A Chaumber within the said Chaumber", "In the Buttery", "In the Utensyles for the Chaumber",

<sup>1</sup> P. 149

"In the Kytchyn", "In the Chaumber where Master Barington Laie", "In the Grete Parlour", "In the Back house", "In the Brewehouse", "In the Bardg House". We can get some idea of the number of rooms required for the establishment of a country gentleman.

The kitchen and the brewhouse seem to have the longest inventories in the above list. The Elizabethan was fond of his food and drink. Feasting was common, but the ordinary meal must have satisfied almost every appetite.

Bedrooms had very little in them besides the bed, which was a large four-poster with curtains. The long gallery had chairs and settees along the walls, but usually not much in the center of the room. A favorite article of furniture was the chest, which had many uses at this time. It was often used as a chair by servants or people of low rank. The chair at first was used only by the lord and his lady, or the master and mistress and their guests. Hangings and covers were much in use. Tapestries hung on the walls, in place of our wall-paper. Tables and chairs were covered with cloths. Rushes were strewn on the floor, although carpets were in use in some of the rooms.

Life was meant to be enjoyed in such a house. Visitors were welcome and desired. Over the door of Montacute House is written, "Through this wide-opening gate, none come too early, none return too late." Queen Elizabeth was the guest of many of her nobles at their manor-houses, and was bountifully entertained both inside the house and on the grounds without. A more humble existence is described in the Verney Memoirs. In these letters, still preserved, are graphic accounts of events in the daily life of kindly and home-loving country gentlemen of the time.

The Elizabethan manor-house was roomy and comfortable, as well as artistic. It was the architect's answer to the English gentleman's demand for a residence that should express the new way of living—the freedom, refinement, culture, enjoyment of life that meant the Renaissance. It was a fine and creditable solution of the problem, and should take high rank in the achievement of domestic architecture.

We come now to the architect. Before this time we know of no architects in England, in the proper sense of the word. There had been master-builders, who combined the functions of architect and contractor. But the architect as an artist was a product of the Renaissance. The age that raised the individual artist to new heights of dignity and importance in Europe also introduced the architect to England.

First was that group of men of whom John Thorpe stands at the head. We know little more of them than their names: Robert and Bernard Adams, John Shute, Lawrence Bradshaw, Gerard Christmas, Bernard Jansen, Moses Glover, Robert Smithson and his son Huntingdon, Thomas Holte. Thorpe has left many plans of houses skillfully designed, but whether or not the designs were actually carried out is not known. Very little is known about him, but he seems to have been a figure of some importance in his time. The interest in house planning and architecture generally is shown in the publication of treatises on these subjects. Andrew Boord was the author of *A Boke for to lerne a man to be wyse in buildyng of his house*. Boord was a "Physike Doctor", and wrote another book, *Dyectorie or Regiment of Health*, in which he laid down certain principles to be observed when building a house. John Shute wrote *First and Chiefe Grounds of Architecture used in all the Ancient and Famous Monuments*. Richard Haydocke translated a treatise from the Italian, and called it *Tracte containing the arts of curious paintinge, carvinge, and buildinge—Englished by R. H.* There were other translations, too. In 1624 Henry Wotton published his *Elements of Architecture*.

But these men and books were minor manifestations. Just as literature produced its Shakespeare and its Bacon, so architecture gave us Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren. Jones and Wren were the first great architects in England, and, like Shakespeare and Bacon, still stand supreme in the magnificence of their achievement.

Jones, like so many of the masters of the Renaissance, was varied in his accomplishments. For ten years he made designs for masques, and was as important a figure in the production of these plays as Ben Jonson himself, much, be it added, to the



disgust of Jonson. He wrote a book on Stonehenge. He had travelled, and had lived a long time in Italy, where he became an enthusiastic follower of Italian architecture in general, and that of Palladio in particular. Yet in his own work he was intensely English. Shakespeare used Italian plots, but he made English plays of them. So Jones took the ideas of Palladio and adapted them to the needs of his own country. Blomfield says,<sup>8</sup> "The years which Inigo Jones spent in Italy were not in vain. He returned to England filled with the very spirit of the great Italian artists of the Renaissance, and lifted the art of his country on to an altogether different plane." His plans for a great palace in Whitehall for Charles I were nothing short of wonderful, and only the death of the king prevented the building of what would have been one of the great palaces of the world. Jones planned to give his sovereign a residence that would have been a crowning artistic achievement. As it was, only the banqueting-hall was completed. But the designs for the whole have come down to us, and have been an inspiration to many architects after Jones. To quote Blomfield again,<sup>9</sup> "There was no precedent whatever in England for such a building as Inigo Jones designed for Whitehall. The force of his genius is shown in the fact that almost at one effort, and without previous failures, he was able to create a finished masterpiece of design in a manner that was as yet quite unfamiliar in England." And Armstrong says,<sup>10</sup> that given the conditions, this design "is the most astonishing creation by a single mind that the history of architecture has to show."

The final judgment of these two critics on Jones is also worth repeating. Says Blomfield:<sup>11</sup> "Inigo Jones was on the whole the greatest architect and one of the most accomplished artists this country has ever produced. . . . His especial strength lay in his thorough mastery of proportion, his contempt for mere prettiness, and the rare distinction of his style. His own theory of architecture was that, in his own words, it should be 'solid, proportional according to the rules, masculine and unaffected.'

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<sup>8</sup>Reginald Blomfield, *A History of Renaissance Architecture in England*, p. 103.

<sup>9</sup>P. 109.

<sup>10</sup>P. 88.

<sup>11</sup>P. 121.



No man has ever more completely realized his own ideal of art." Armstrong subscribes to this and adds,<sup>12</sup> that Jones "Had that final and most decisive mark of all great artists, that he could pour his own personality into every detail of his work; so that, apart from all objective tests, it recommends itself by an individual unity of character which raises every project of his into the rank of a creation."

If Inigo Jones is like Shakespeare in the grandness of his conceptions and the perfect command of his art, the career of Sir Christopher Wren has much in common with that of Bacon. Like Bacon, Wren had talents in many directions. At the age of fifteen he took out a patent for an instrument to write with two pens at the same time; he invented a weather-clock and an instrument with which one could write in the dark; he made several translations; the invention of the barometer has been attributed, erroneously however, to him. At the age of twenty-five he was professor of astronomy at Gresham College; at twenty-nine he was appointed Savilian professor in the same subject at Oxford. He was president of the Royal Society. Like Bacon, too, he held public offices, and was twice a member of Parliament.

Finally, and here the resemblance is striking, Wren, after he had most capably and honorably held it for more than fifty years, was relieved of his office of Surveyor-General of the Works, partly because George I wanted his own friends in office, partly because of bribery, and partly, no doubt, because of the insinuations of his enemies. The resemblance here ceases, in so far as Bacon was himself responsible to some extent for his removal from office, whereas, apparently, there was nothing whatever against Wren.

Wren's position as Surveyor-General gave him some chance to show what he could do, but the Great Fire gave him an unlimited opportunity, the greatest ever offered any architect. Elmes<sup>13</sup> lists a hundred and fifty works that he carried out, and when we remember that these include St. Paul's, fifty-four

<sup>12</sup> P. 91.

<sup>13</sup> James Elmes, *Sir Christopher Wren and his Times*, p. 420.

churches, the eastern block of Hampton Court Palace, three other palaces, eight colleges, part of Greenwich Hospital, the Monument, and no fewer than thirty-six public halls for various companies (these halls were all built in about two years), the total is truly astonishing. He also had a plan for rebuilding London after the Fire, but it was never carried out.

Jones and Wren are not only the greatest architects of the English Renaissance, but, like all great artists, invite comparison with others in their field throughout history. Armstrong says,<sup>14</sup> "It is scarcely too much to say that, as the word architect is now understood, Jones and Wren were the two greatest of whom we have any full knowledge." Jones was probably the more inspired artist of the two. His plans for the Palace in Whitehall are alone sufficient evidence that he was an unerring genius. Wren had much more opportunity to carry out his ideas, but the large number of his works should not blind us to his real greatness. His plans were always effective; his buildings stand out with distinction—they catch the eye; and they are usually imposing. Critics may have faults to find with St. Paul's, but there is nothing but admiration for Wren's solving the problem of placing a cathedral in the midst of a thickly populated city, with crooked, narrow streets as the only approaches. Blomfield's judgment of him is that he<sup>15</sup> "was essentially an architect, perhaps a little careless in detail, but most dexterous in emergency, and the ingenuity with which he met difficulties of his sites has never been surpassed." And again,<sup>16</sup> "Wren's genius lay in this largeness of idea, in this power of conceiving a great architectural scheme as a whole, of grasping it in complete perspective, and keeping his purpose proof against all the temptations of unnecessary detail. Wren was a true child of the Renaissance in this, fairly claiming kinship with Bramante and Michael Angelo, with the French architects of Louis Quatorze, and with his great forerunner, Inigo Jones."

Jones and Wren both influenced later English architecture. The designs for Whitehall Palace are a "mine of architectural

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<sup>14</sup> P. 96.<sup>15</sup> P. 156.<sup>16</sup> P. 176.

ideas."<sup>17</sup> And Professor Phelps<sup>18</sup> sees a Wren revival in the London of to-day.

Domestic architecture in London during the Renaissance, with the exception of the great city houses, which imitated or were influenced by the large manor-houses, did not develop much. There was a good deal of building going on, so much, in fact, that in 1580 Elizabeth issued a proclamation forbidding the building of new houses and the further increase in the size of the city. The houses built were mainly in the Tudor manner. After the Great Fire, of course, there was again much house building. These new houses were somewhat of an improvement. Instead of being built of wood and plaster, they were made, usually, of brick; the fronts were made straighter, instead of having the upper stories project over the lower; windows were larger and more plentiful. But there was really no great development. People continued to live much as they had lived for generations.

There was one new note in architecture in Renaissance England. In 1576 James Burbage built the first theatre in the country. In Professor Adams's words,<sup>19</sup> "The hostility of the city to drama was unquestionably the main cause of the erection of the first playhouse; yet combined with this were two other important causes, usually overlooked. The first was the need of a building specially designed to meet the requirements of the players and of the public, a need yearly growing more urgent as plays became more complex, acting developed into a finer art, and audiences increased in dignity as well as in size. The second and more immediate cause was the appearance of a man with business insight enough to see that such a building would pay." Thus again a movement began with the combination of a need of the time and an individual who knew how to satisfy

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<sup>17</sup> The recent attempt of J. A. Gotch to show that John Webb was the author of drawings as well as of most of the work usually attributed to Jones, I leave to others more capable of dealing with the matter. The burden of proof seems still to rest with Gotch.

<sup>18</sup> A. C. Phelps, "Sir Christopher Wren and the Wren Ideal in Modern Architecture," in *Architecture*, May, 1924.

<sup>19</sup> J. Q. Adams, *Shakespearean Playhouses*, p. 27.

that need. The Theatre, as Burbage named his building, was an innovation, but it was not strikingly original. Plays had been acted before this in inn-yards; the actors mounted a rough platform in the center of the yard, while the audience stood surrounding the platform or sat in the galleries above looking down. The Theatre simply copied this idea. The stage extended into the audience, who stood in front or at the sides. Those who could afford it sat in the galleries surrounding the "yard". There were several of these, one above the other, roofed over to protect the occupants; the yard, or pit, and part of the stage were open to the weather.

Burbage's playhouse was followed by others, all of them virtually identical in structure with The Theatre. There was improvement in detail, as newer houses were built, but no new architectural idea was introduced. Burbage had created the theatre at one stroke, and it remained the same for many years. Huge, cylindrical affairs, the playhouses of the time were far from being works of art, externally at least. Internally they seem to have impressed eye-witnesses greatly. A partial description, all that was specified at the time, is quoted by Professor Adams.<sup>20</sup>

The Elizabethans had a type of playhouse that was entirely covered, but the first of these were simply halls converted into theatres. Later a combination of the two types of playhouses was attempted. Perhaps the most interesting of these is Inigo Jones's plan for the "Cockpit-in-Court" theatre in Whitehall.<sup>21</sup> As might be expected from any design by Jones, the plan is efficient and effective. There was a pit, with benches, and a balcony several steps above the pit, at the back. There were no galleries. This playhouse was about as far as the theatre developed architecturally in England until practically modern times, except that galleries were soon added.

The Elizabethan manor-house and the individual architect were the two outstanding achievements in the history of archi-

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<sup>20</sup> P. 274.

<sup>21</sup> See *The Architectural Record*, March, 1913, and *Shakespearean Playhouses*, p. 396 ff.

ture during Renaissance England. Both were the result of natural development. The Renaissance was the age of personalities. It was natural for Wolsey to build himself a Hampton Court Palace—a perfect example of the individuality, the self-expression, the egotism, the splendor, the freedom, the artistry of the new age. And it was natural that other noblemen of wealth and taste should wish to emulate him. The rise of the architect was just as natural. For the first time Englishmen began to pay serious artistic attention to their houses, and they realized that specialists in building were needed to provide them with the homes their personalities demanded. The way was thus prepared for Jones and Wren, who rose to heights not dreamed of by their predecessors.

Wren's successors carried on his tradition, but the small mind could only imitate where the great mind had created. The decline had started, and although it contained such names as Hawksmoor, Gibbs, and Vanbrugh, fine architects, all of them, England's Renaissance period in architecture soon came to a close. It had been a long period, much longer than the literary Renaissance. In literature the classic period came almost a hundred years earlier than the classic revival in architecture. Perhaps the steady influence of Wren throughout most of his long life (he died at the age ninety-one) helped prolong the life of the architectural Renaissance.

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## THE OPINIONS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE

Jane Welsh was married to Thomas Carlyle on October 17, 1826, and lived with him during thirty-nine and one-half years. In a massive and brilliant biography of the husband, Froude made of her a tragic heroine, sacrificed to her husband's greatness and selfishness, and described those four decades as if they had been, for the wife, forty years of torture. Indignant friends and relatives of Carlyle at once denied Froude's allegations bitterly, beginning a controversy that has already lasted longer than four decades. Now Mr. D. A. Wilson, hoping to supersede Froude, writes another and what promises to be an even more massive biography of that husband in which he says that their life together was one long honeymoon.

z This dispute, involving as it does an interpretation of the character of the greatest writer of English prose of the nineteenth century, has created an interest in Mrs. Carlyle that shows no signs of diminishing. That interest is sustained by the brilliancy of her letters, which, according to Lord Ernle, editor of Byron's letters and a competent judge, are those of the last of the great English letter-writers. In an attempt to understand her and the tragedy of her life, I have collected from these letters, so frankly written to her intimate friends and relatives and so copiously and even brutally given to the world, some of the opinions that show as well as anything can what manner of woman she was.

In reading these opinions one should have in mind the main facts in the life, particularly the early life, of Jane Welsh Carlyle. She was an only child, perhaps a spoiled one, belonging to a family of some means as well as of superior social standing. Her youth was protected and happy, and as she grew up she did not lack admirers among the young men who knew her. She was not inexperienced in affairs of the heart when she met Carlyle. Although she recognized his superior powers, she did not find him—not quickly, and perhaps not ever—the ideal lover for whom her heart longed. Nevertheless, Jane became Mrs. Thomas Carlyle in time, attached to her husband, if not deeply



in love, admiring his genius, and having faith in his future greatness. And after ten or twelve years of sacrifice and hardship, six of them spent at Craigenputtock and, later, three or four in London, Mrs. Carlyle began to see her faith justified. Her husband was acclaimed one of the greatest of English men of letters. This success brought rewards to Mrs. Carlyle in a vivid and interesting social life which she evidently enjoyed so far as her uncertain health made enjoyment possible. She had many masculine admirers, who visited her constantly, keeping her in touch with the world. Among these were several distinguished persons, both English and foreign—Mazzini, the Italian patriot; Godefroi Cavaignac, a French republican and brother of a man who later was President of France; Anthony Sterling, brother of the John made famous by Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*; Erasmus Darwin, brother of Charles, and John Forster. These were her friends rather than her husband's. It seems that she was even suspected—by persons who did not know the facts—of being too fond of one or two of them, particularly Cavaignac. The wife of Anthony Sterling was insanely jealous of her. Mrs. Carlyle mentions humorously in one of her letters written in middle life a declaration of love by one of her admirers. Her husband was pleased, it seems, by the attentions she received, and was amused by the jealousy she excited among women. Unfortunately, ill health pursued her during many years, making continued happiness difficult if not impossible.

In reading the letters, one is never unconscious of this ill health for long, and yet one is more conscious of an intense life. It is intensity of life that make the letters so good. At their best, they are superb—extraordinarily vivid and witty, with satirical sketches of people, humorous accounts of the trifling events that make up life, and scattered bits of philosophy, often decidedly cynical. Even the quotations I shall make will reveal the literary power of this strange and interesting woman at the same time that they explain her character and her unhappiness.

First of all I shall try to show some of Mrs. Carlyle's opinions of books and their writers. She was a copious but capricious reader, entirely without her husband's ability to plough through twenty solid volumes at the rate of a volume a day. As a girl

she selected extremely romantic books. Byron was her particular idol, as numerous references show. After reading Irving's *Bracebridge Hall*, she wrote to Carlyle, then a warm friend, in 1822: "He is a witty, amiable sort of person, Mr. Irving; but oh, he wants fire and he is *far too happy* for me. Dear Byron, sinner as he is, there is nobody like him. I have got his likeness; better done than the one I had. I can scarcely help crying when I look at it and think I may chance to go out of the world without seeing its original. What nonsense!"

Even before this she had referred to Byron's "Fare Thee Well" as her favorite song. After reading Byron's volume containing *Sardanapalus* she wrote to her admirer: "I have read the Tragedies. I thank you for them. They are Byron's: need I praise them?" Again, she exalts Byron's *Werner*: "Is it not a masterly performance? He is my own matchless Byron after all!" And her receiving the news of Byron's death is told thus: "And Byron is dead! I was told it all at once in a roomful of people. My God, if they had said that the sun or moon had gone out of the heavens, it could not have struck me with the idea of a more dreary blank in the creation than the words, 'Byron is dead!' I have felt quite cold and dejected ever since: all my thoughts have been fearful and dismal."

The same devotion to Byron appears in a letter written in January, 1825, several months after Byron's death. Carlyle had sent her some autographs, among which was a scrap of writing by Byron. Jane wrote: "The autographs you have sent me have all of them a value in my curiosity-loving eyes; but Byron's handwriting—my own Byron—I esteem not as a *curiosity*, but rather as a relic of an honoured and beloved friend."

The twin god of Jane Welsh's idolatry was Rousseau. Irving, her former lover, who continued for some years to take a Platonic interest in her welfare, wrote to Thomas Carlyle: "I could wish to see her surrounded by a more sober set of companions than Rousseau (your friend) and Byron, and such like." A quotation from a letter to a girl friend, Miss Stodart, which is devoted mainly to Rousseau's *Héloise*, will show how great her enthusiasm was: "Alas! I told you I should die a virgin, if I reached twenty *in vain*. Even so will it prove. This book,

this fatal book, has given me an idea of a love so *pure* (yes, you may laugh! but I repeat it), so pure, so constant, so disinterested, so exalted, that no love the men of this world can offer me will ever fill up the picture my imagination has drawn me with the help of Rousseau. No lover will Jane Welsh ever find like St. Preux, no husband like Wolmar (I don't mean to insinuate that *I should like both*); and to no man will she ever give her heart and pretty hand who bears to these no resemblance."

Carlyle was far from being the perfect lover. "He is something liker St. Preux than George Craig is to Wolmar. He has *his* talents, *his* vast and cultivated mind, *his* vivid imagination, *his* independence of soul, and *his* high-souled principles of honour. But then—Ah, these *buts*! St. Preux never kicked the fire-irons, nor made puddings in his teacup. Want of Elegance! Want of Elegance, Rousseau says, is a defect which no woman can overlook."

Another romantic writer who aroused Jane Welsh's enthusiasm was Ann Radcliffe. The allusions to Mrs. Radcliffe's sentimental romances of the error that I have found are in the letters of later years, but the time of Jane's enthusiasm was in her 'teens or earlier. A passage from a letter of 1848 will be sufficient to indicate the strength of that early enthralment: "I had been reading Swift all day; but I found that now too prosaical for my romantic circumstances [she was then at Addiscombe, the home of the Barings, later Lord and Lady Ashburton]; and, seeking through the books, I came upon 'The Romance of the Forest,' which I seized on with avidity, remembering the 'tremendous' emotions with which I read it in my night-shift, by the red light of our dying schoolroom fire, nearly half a century ago, when I was supposed to be sleeping the sleep of good children. And over that I actually spent the whole evening; it was so interesting to measure my progress—downwards, I must think—by comparing my present feelings at certain well-remembered passages with the past. After all, it might have been worse with my imaginative past. I decidedly like the dear old book, even in this year of grace, better than 'Rose Blanche', &c."

Other romantic writers who were read by Jane in her early twenties included Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and Alfieri.

In connection with Madame de Staël's *Delphine*, she wrote: "I declare the idea of having Madame de Staël for an acquaintance in the world of spirits makes me half wish to die." A few months later she wrote to Carlyle: "My mother thanks you for *Delphine*, but declares she will never undertake six volumes of love again. I think such beautiful love is very endurable."

Carlyle introduced her to German writers, and she took strongly to Schiller, particularly *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, but cared less for Goethe—at least at first. "He has fire enough, but it is not the celestial fire of Schiller." Under Carlyle's influence she also tried historical reading—Gibbon, Sismondi, Robertson; Hume she refused to try again, having formerly failed with him. This reading apparently progressed rather slowly. The chapter on Christianity in Gibbon she called "really capital"; her religious views were evidently none too orthodox. Latin studies, we are told, had made her into a sort of pagan.

That reading romantic literature left a marked impression on the mind of Miss Welsh appears in the following lines from a letter to Thomas Carlyle written in October, 1823, three years before the marriage: "Oh, be careful of yourself! for the world's sake and for mine. Were I again to lose the friend of my soul, again to be left alone in the midst of society,—loving no one yet possessing the faculty to love, perceiving nothing but the blackness of death in the universe around me; in the bustle and glitter and grandeur of the earth, nothing but the parade of a funeral,—Great God, how wretched, how ruined I should be! But you shall live to be my Guardian-Angel—it cannot be the will of a merciful God that I should return to the dreary existence which I endured before we met—it cannot be His will that a soul born to enlighten the earth, to be the Daystar of ages, should be obscured by the shadows of death ere a world has perceived its splendour. You shall live to love me while I live, and to mourn for me when I die; and the thought that I shall be mourned by a heart so warm and true will overcome the terrors of death."

Thus far I have been quoting from the correspondence of Jane Welsh, the romantic girl of twenty or so. Now I ask you to imagine that about twenty years had passed. The Carlyles were in



London, associating freely with most distinguished people of the time. The comments that Mrs. Carlyle made in her letters were chiefly on the people she met, but books were included too, and since the people she met were often the authors of the books she read, I shall not separate sharply the comments upon the authors from the comments upon the books.

We find that we have passed from romantic youth to sharp-sighted, disillusioned middle age. I begin with a remark or two upon Dinah Mulock, later famous as the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, who had just published *The Ogilvies* (1849). They show the changed woman who wrote them. "The Ogilvies—curious as being written by a young Irish girl—twenty years old [eighteen in another letter of Mrs. Carlyle's; twenty-three actually]—with little knowledge of *anything*, Society included—but it is full of Love 'as an egg's full of meat'—the old high-flown romantic circulating library sort of love—which one looks at in these days of 'the new ideas' as one would look at a pair of peaked shoes or a ruff out of the reign of Elizabeth." Even more pointed are these sentences in another letter (to John Forster): "Meanwhile thanks for Mulock's book, which I read with immense interest. It is long since I fell in with a novel of this sort, all about love, and nothing else whatever. It quite reminds one of one's own love's young dream. I like it, and like the poor girl who can still believe, or even 'believe that she believes' all that. God help her! She will sing to another tune if she go on living and writing for twenty years."

Perhaps with this may be mentioned Mrs. Carlyle's opinion of the separation of the Ruskins. "I know nothing about it, except that I have always pitied Mrs. Ruskin, while people generally blame her,—for love of dress and company and flirtation. She was too young and pretty to be so left to her own devices as she was by her husband who seemed to wish nothing but the credit of having a pretty, well-dressed wife."

There is a long account of a Dickens dinner, in which she speaks of three famous literary persons. Of the dinner itself which was a very elaborate one, she wrote: "Such getting up of the steam is unbecoming to a literary man who *ought* to have his basis elsewhere than on what the old Annandale women called 'Or-



nament and grander'." Mrs. Gaskell, who was present, she called "a natural unassuming woman whom they have been doing their best to spoil by making a lioness of her." But on Samuel Rogers, who at the same dinner tried to quiz her about Carlyle's attentions to Lady Ashburton, she vented her spleen. "Old Rogers," she called him, "who ought to have been buried long ago, so old and ill-natured he is grown. . . . Very devilish old man!"

At another time we have a glimpse of Dickens at a party given by the family of Macready, the famous actor, who was then away from home. "Everybody there seemed animated with one purpose to make up to Mrs. Macready and her children for the absence of 'The Tragic Actor' . . . . Dickens and Forster, above all exerted themselves till the perspiration was pouring down and they seemed drunk with their efforts. Only think of Dickens playing the *conjuror* for one whole hour!—the best conjuror I ever saw— . . . Dickens did all but go down on his knees to make *me* waltz with him . . . After all—the pleasantest company, as Burns thought, *are* the *blackguards*!—that is: those who have just a sufficient dash of blackguardism in them to make them snap their fingers at ceremony and 'all that sort of thing'."

Mrs. Carlyle's observation on *A Christmas Carol* will give a slight idea of her critical powers; friendly as it is, it yet contains a sting. "It is really a kind-hearted, almost poetical little thing well worth any lady or gentleman's perusal—somewhat too much imbued with the Cockney-admiration of *The Eatable*, but as Dickens wrote for 'the greatest happiness of the geatest number' (of Cockneys) he would not be expected to gainsay their taste in that particular."

Of Thackeray there is little of importance in the letters. Her comment on *Vanity Fair*—"very good, indeed, beats Dickens out of the world"—is well known.

Tennyson was a favorite with Mrs. Carlyle as well as with her husband, and asperity disappeared when she wrote of him. "A very handsome man," she commented, "and a noble-hearted one, with something of the gypsy in his appearance, which, for me, is perfectly charming." I find no real criticism of his poetry, but two remarks in regard to his attitude toward women are of interest, and one of them shows real penetration. Both date from

1845. The first was occasioned by a visit from Tennyson. "Alfred is dreadfully embarrassed with women alone—for he entertains at one and the same moment a feeling of almost adoration for them and ineffable contempt! Adoration for what they *might be*—contempt for what they *are*!" The second is: "Lady Harriet told me that he [Tennyson] wanted to marry; 'must have a woman to live beside; would *prefer a lady*, but—cannot afford one; and so must marry a maidservant'."

I find a single sentence on Macaulay that is worth repeating; it has the usual caustic note. "I used to think my husband the most copious talker, when he liked, that was anywhere to be fallen in with; but Macaulay beats him hollow! in quantity."

Mrs. Carlyle's remarks on the Brownings are surprising to Browning worshippers. Here are two from 1852: "Oh, such a fuss the Brownings made over Mazzini this day! My private opinion of Browning is, in spite of Mr. C's favour for him, that he is 'nothing', or very little more, but a fluff of feathers." About two months later: "I like Browning less and less; and even *she* does not grow on me."

There are many kind references to Mazzini, her intimate friend, but the following shows that she was not blind to his weaknesses: "Mazzini was here on Sunday morning, and made my hair stand on end with his projects. If he is not shot, or in an Austrian fortress within a month, it will be more by good luck than good guiding. I rely on the promise, 'God is kind to women, fools, and drunk people'." And again: "Surely between the highest virtue and the beginning of madness the line of separation is infinitesimally small."

Mrs. Carlyle's judgment of Kingsley's *Alton Locke* was on the whole unfavorable. Evidently she did not recognize her husband's portrait, if such it was, in Saunders Mackaye, for she wrote: "But the old Scotchman is capital,—only that there never was nor ever will be *such* an old Scotchman. I wonder what will come of Kingsley—go mad, perhaps."

I end this list of comments on contemporary men and women with the remark about the most influential book of the century: "But even when Darwin, in a book that all the scientific world is in ecstasy over, proved the other day that we all come from

shell-fish, it didn't move me to the slightest curiosity whether we are or not. I did not feel that the slightest light would be thrown on my practical life for me, by having it ever so logically made out that my first ancestor, millions of millions of ages back, had been, or even had not been, an oyster. It remained a plain fact that I was no oyster, nor had any grandfather an oyster within my knowledge; and for the rest, there was nothing to be gained, for this world, or the next, by going into the oyster-question, till all more pressing questions were exhausted!"

In almost all these allusions to contemporaries, the cynicism of Mrs. Carlyle's mature years is plain enough. Cynicism appears also in her opinions of love, marriage, religion, and death. Her remarks on marriage and love will interest most those who are curious about her domestic troubles.

To Carlyle, after a quarrel, she wrote: "Husbands are so obtuse. They do not understand one's movements of impatience; want always 'to be treated with the respect due to genius'; exact common sense of their poor wives rather than 'finer sensibilities of the heart'; and so the marriage state 'by working late and early, has come to what ye see'—if not precisely to immortal smash as yet, at least to within a hair's-breadth of it." This was in 1845. From various letters the following are culled:

In 1846 (apropos of marriage): "Every mortal woman I fancy is born to be made miserable thro' one cause or other."

In 1847: "I do think there is much truth in the young German idea that marriage is a shockingly immoral institution, as well as what we have long known it for—an extremely disagreeable one."

In 1849, in connection with the conjugal troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Sterling: ". . . it is a great pity she will not separate from him—. . . A little of 'the new ideas' might really be introduced into English married life with profit."

And ten years later, in 1859, Mrs. Carlyle wrote to a young lady who had just become engaged: "If ever one is to pray—if ever one is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble—surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better

and for worse, till death part them; just on that occasion when it is customary to celebrate only with rejoicings, and congratulations, and *trousseaux*, and white-ribbon! Good God!"

Not immediately connected with marriage but entitled to inclusion here are the following:

"People who are so dreadfully 'devoted' to their wives are so apt, from mere habit, to get devoted to other peoples' wives as well!"

"Sentiment, you see, is not well looked on by the present generation of women; there is a growing taste for fastness, or, still worse, for strong-mindedness!" That was in 1859.

There are also many comments on death and a possible future life. After the death of her mother in 1842 she wrote: "Nobody can bring me any news from her more, but only the Angel of Death—in that must be all my hope henceforward—hope full of terror too—for how unfit I am to die." But usually her attitude is more skeptical. "Death—either we shall have a trial at existence again under new conditions, or sleep soundly through all eternity. The last used to be a horrible thought for me, but it is not so any longer. I am weary, weary to such a point of moral exhaustion, that any anchorage were welcome, even the stillest, coldest, where the wicked should cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest, understanding both by the wicked and the weary myself." And on the occasion of the death of her dog she asked: "What is become of that little beautiful graceful *Life*, so full of love and loyalty and sense of duty, up to the last moment that it animated the body of that little dog? Is it to be extinguished, abolished, annihilated in an instant, while the brutalized, two-legged, so-called human creature who dies in a ditch, after having outraged all duties, and caused nothing but pain and disgust to all concerned with him,—is he to live forever? It is impossible for me to believe *that*."

Some rather subtle thinking is revealed in a letter of 1845: "Yesterday in the evening came Dr. James C— and young N—, all in black, this last being just returned from the funeral of his only sister, a promising girl of sixteen, the poor mother's chief comfort of late years. I recollected the time when Mrs. N—, then Agnes L—, consulted me whether she ought to marry J. N—.



Where were all these young N—'s then—the lad who sat there looking so sadly, the girl who had just been laid under the earth? Had Agnes L— lived true to the memory of her first love, would these existences have been for ever suppressed by her act? If her act could have suppressed them, what pretension have they to call themselves immortal, eternal?"

And in her religious attitude there is the same scepticism, the same questioning. On the death of her father, the girl of eighteen had written to her grandmother: "The ways of the Almighty are mysterious; but in this instance, *though* He has left thousands in the world whose existence is a burden to themselves and to those around them, *though* He has cut off one who was the glory of his family, a most useful member of society, one who was respected and beloved by all who knew him, and *though* He has afflicted those who we thought deserved to be happy, yet His intention appears to me clear and intelligible. Could the annihilation of a thousand useless and contemptible beings have sent such terror and submission to the hearts of the survivors, as the sudden death of one whom their love would, if possible, have gifted with immortality? Oh, no! Hard it is, but we must acknowledge the wisdom of his sentence, even while we are suffering under it—we must kiss the rod even while we are writhing under the tortures which it inflicts."

This is conventional but apparently sincere. Contrast with it her remark in connection with the tragedy of the Indian mutiny in 1857: "Love? It isn't much like a world ruled by Love, this. My dear, I am tempted to write a good deal of blasphemy just at this moment." Before this we find her saying: "Either I am just what God intended me for, or God cannot 'carry out' His intentions, it would seem. And in that case I, for 'one solitary individual,' can't worship Him the least in the world." But toward the end of her life, she became a little more reverent: "Nobody can help me! Only God: and can I wonder if God take no heed of me when I have all my life taken so little heed of Him?" Perhaps as typical of her usual attitude as anything she said is the following, written when she was about forty: "Dear Susan, I am sorry to say this



world looks always the more absurd to me the longer I live in it! But, thank heaven, I am not the shepherd set over them, so let them go their way: while we, who are a little higher than the sheep, go ours!"

But this scepticism was accompanied by a persistent sense of duty, which is revealed over and over again. Two quotations, one of 1843 and the other of 1856, will be sufficient to show this: "One can never be too much alive to the consideration that one's every slightest action does not end when it has acted itself, but propagates itself on and on, in one shape or other, through all time and away into eternity." "Look straight before you, then, Jane Carlyle, and, if possible, not over the heads of things either, away into the distant vague. Look, above all, at the duty nearest hand, and, what's more, do it."

Of Carlyle's books she always spoke with respect. Of *Past and Present* she wrote: "I consider it a *great* book—calculated to waken up the Soul of England, if it have any longer a living soul in it." And even of *Frederick*, which caused both so much suffering, she wrote to him: "Oh, my dear! What a magnificent book this is going to be!"

One is tempted to add quotation to quotation, for there are innumerable passages that catch the attention of the fascinated reader. But I hope my purpose has been accomplished. Sharp-tongued and bitter the later Mrs. Carlyle was. Many persons, and even her husband, at times, must have shrunk from the whip of her caustic wit. Life had disappointed her, and she poured out her scorn on life.

Mrs. Carlyle would be excellent grist for Professor Babbitt's mill. When she was an intellectual babe, she was nourished on the worst of romantic milk—Byron and Rousseau. From them she learned to believe that the exquisite emotions of youth—love, desire for fame, sentimental melancholy—are the essence of the life of great souls. Early a sceptic, she lost the comfort and the discipline of the Christian religion. While youth and adoring admirers supported her, all went reasonably well. But when the shock of reality came, as it had to come, she had nothing to support her but her sense of duty. She had much to make her unhappy, it is true: ill health, loss of parents, and, sometimes, an

irritable husband. But she had many things to make her happy: intelligence and wit, success, money enough for comfort, many sympathetic and interesting friends, a famous and ever admiring husband. But these were not enough. Her letters reveal the tragedy of the disillusioned romanticist. They reveal, clearly and poignantly, the tragedy that pursues the sentimental romanticist of every century.

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## MILTON AGONISTES

The Mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

### I

Descendants of Mayflower stock who have forsaken the faith of John Robinson for that of John Broadus Watson and who cannot escape a feeling of chagrin at their own deflection, might—if they knew enough—take some comfort in the fact that Jonathan Edwards in his now forgotten *Freedom of the Will* preached behaviorism two centuries before it was propounded by the modern sage. In the same way other present-day apostates from the Pilgrim heritage who have merely taken up some vague position of 'liberalism', might—as to be sure they often do—point with pride to John Milton as an early champion in a similar stampede from the Puritan stockade. Indeed, among students of his work it has become quite the thing to regard Milton as essentially liberal in his viewpoint and to emphasize the 'modernism' in his writings to such a degree that any evidence of a consistent allegiance to Puritan philosophy has seemed to follow the law of diminishing returns the more his life and works have been studied. That he was a leader of thought in his own day there is certainly no question; nor can it be doubted that many of his doctrines have a distinctly modern ring: to what extent he remained an apostle of Puritan thought seems, therefore, a pertinent though neglected subject for investigation.

It takes but little knowledge of Milton's life to uncover the fact that his youthful years expressed practically every type of heterodoxy dear to the hearts of the 'young intellectuals' of to-day; and had Christ's College sent him as delegate to one of the now popular student conventions, he would have led the demonstration against contemporary social institutions. In his own unenlightened age Milton started his revolt-movement with the favorite gesture of modern youth by objecting to the type of education provided by the oldsters who ran the universities of his day, and got himself rusticated by rebelling against the

'trivial declamations' required of him; then, after continuing his studies under his own ægis until the effort became irksome and the outcome seemed profitless, he indulged in rather aimless wanderings on the Continent, flirted with the ladies of Italian society, and after the best manner of the Elizabethans swelled the already voluminous output of love sonnets; and he brought his youthful adventures to a fitting climax by taking to wife, after apparently a whirlwind love-at-first-sight courtship, a young Delilah from among the Philistine host, a daughter of the hated Cavaliers. His latest biographer thinks that his married life with her was characterized chiefly by suppressed sexual desires—again the modern note, though we happen to think it a false one.

After this long-continued outburst of rebellious spirits, Milton settled down at the age of thirty-four; but for him the next twenty years can hardly be described in the terms usually associated with middle-age; on the contrary, his natural endowment of surplus energy was merely redirected into a strenuous campaign as a knight of the pen bent on remoulding the world nearer to the heart's desire. And were the young radicals of to-day inclined to take a leaf out of such ancient history as the seventeenth century, they would find in his writings their most cherished slogans shouted from the housetops. Adopting as his general mission an advocacy of greater freedom wherever the human spirit appeared to be cabined, cribbed, or confined, Milton soon became the champion of practically every protesting minority of the age. 'I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue,' he proclaims, 'that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat'; and his attitude in the realm of ideas was consistent with that here expressed towards the challenge he found in the presence of oppression and sin in human life. 'Crabbed textuists' he calls those of his own sect who were mired in the slough of a literal interpretation of the Bible; and in a sweeping denunciation of the whole Puritan attitude he declares: 'Literally superstitious through customary faintness of heart, not venturing to pierce with our free thoughts into the full latitude of nature and religion, [we] abandon our-

selves to serve under a tyranny of usurpt opinions. . . . And where He sets us in a fair allowance of way, with honest liberty and prudence to our guide, we never leave subtilizing and casu-isting till we have straightened and pared that liberal path into a razor's edge to walk on, between a precipice of unnecessary mischief on either side.'

From all this it might appear that Milton was the arch renegade from the Puritans' progress rather than the apostle of it, and one naturally asks, therefore, how in the face of these facts he can be regarded as the spokesman or even a disciple of Puritan philosophy. The answer is simply this: Milton's religious philosophy was puritanic in the most essential meaning of the term because, despite his excursions into various fields of liberal endeavor, he clung valiantly to that fundamental doctrine which was the ark and covenant of the faith once delivered to the saints, as the faith was expounded by the fathers of the Reformation. This doctrine, which was basic enough and inclusive enough to comprise practically the entire platform of Puritan theology, defined human life in terms of a strict contract, or 'covenant', which, entered into with God 'in the days of man's innocency', laid down the mutual duties and obligations of man and God and was binding upon both contracting parties forever. All human standards were thus regarded, not as resulting from herd mores, as is the popular conception among certain advanced thinkers of to-day, nor as determinable by metaphysical speculation, as a generation ago many were wont to believe, but as established by God and accepted by man for all time; and human conduct was therefore judged solely by the answer to the simple question, 'Does this action conform to the terms of the contract or does it not?' Despite all his apparent liberalism, Milton never advanced beyond this concept of human life in its relations and responsibilities to God; indeed he never even questioned it: it was the *idæ fixe* that put an inviolable padlock upon any real freedom of thought that he may have essayed.

## II

The official document embodying this covenant was, of course, the Bible, in which, it was held, might be found statutes cover-



ing every human contingency, statutes originally propounded by God but adopted by man for himself and his progeny of his own free will. The contention that man entered into the original contract of his own volition, having been allowed entire freedom of choice in the matter, proved to be somewhat difficult to uphold; and an even greater problem was found in the attempt to put the theory into practice, since it was well-nigh impossible to establish to the satisfaction of anyone just what the terms laid down actually were. The attempt to interpret the Bible, not as legend, poetry, prophecy, history, and sermon, but as a code of ethical precepts consistent with itself at all points, inevitably brought forth a host of commentators who locked horns in wordy combats which could be brought to some end only in case one protagonist could overwhelm his opponent with Scriptural texts or quotations from earlier Biblical scholars—a practically impossible accomplishment in view of the fund of obscure texts and conflicting glosses within reach of all. Nevertheless, the dogmatic doctrine that ethical principles were determinable only in the light of the original covenant, made it imperative that its terms be defined and agreed upon, for only thus could any standards for human conduct be accepted as authoritative and final.

To expect any such agreement, however, was to await the millenium: even the crabbed textuists of the day could not agree among themselves, and consequently no matter how willing the individual might be to abandon his own reason and knuckle down to authority, he found himself confronted with the portentous question, 'Which authority?' To face this problem conscientiously and at the same time to preserve his intellectual integrity, one was ultimately forced to emancipate himself from all authority save that of the Holy Scripture alone; and in case of obscurity or apparent conflict therein, the seeker after truth could only try all texts for himself and hold fast to that which to him seemed good. Milton reached this enlightened position fairly early in life, proclaiming his stand clearly in a well-known passage in the *Areopagitica*:—

Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A

man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so or the Assembly so determine, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.

This pronouncement, however, should not be taken as showing any inclination on Milton's part to question or renounce the basic contract drawn up in holy writ upon which life was founded. The attitude towards truth he here adopts may at first appear to be as liberal as that of the most advanced thinkers of our own age, but it must be recognized that to Milton 'truth' was not the abstract concept, or goal, that it is for us to-day; what he meant by the term was simply an accurate understanding of the Bible. The idea presented in the passage just quoted is more clearly, if less eloquently, expressed in a less-known sentence on the subject of heresy, which makes quite definite both the reach and the limit of his liberalism:—

He then who to his best apprehension *follows the Scripture*, though against any point of doctrine by the whole church received, is not the heretic; but he who follows the church against his conscience and persuasion *grounded on the Scripture*. [Italics mine.]

Thus Milton's liberalism went far enough to question and even to repudiate orthodox interpretations of the scriptural code; but the code itself, once clearly apprehended, was infallible and inviolable, his own understanding of its dictates being as binding upon himself as was that of the Pope upon all good Catholics.

This contractual conception of life was by no means limited in Milton's philosophy to the obligations between man and God; on the contrary, he regarded it equally as the basis of man's relation to man, as may be seen repeatedly in his tracts dealing with public affairs. His method of reaching a solution for secular problems, as for religious, never contemplated the possibility that the contract involved might be out of date or that its terms might for some good reason have ceased to be binding; the evils of the situation were always found to have resulted from a misapprehension of the contract itself, the correct interpretation of which—furnished by him—speedily produced a pan-

acea for all ills. His discussion of marriage and divorce presents a particularly interesting example of the extension of the theory to cover secular problems, as here the original contract between God and Adam inevitably involved a third person, Eve, who had not been present at its institution. Milton's argument, as set forth in *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, maintained that 'indisposition, unfitness, or contrariety of mind resulting from causes in nature unchangeable' should be considered as full and sufficient cause for divorce. The reasoning adduced in support of this revolutionary doctrine—revolutionary although others had advanced it before him—ran as follows: In the Garden of Eden days of man's innocency, God covenanted with Adam to provide him a 'meet help'; hence marriage as stipulated in the institution was a conjugal society in which the wife must be a meet help to her husband. If incurable contrariety of mind—or incompatibility of temper, as we phrase it—should render her more a liability than an asset in man's pursuit of salvation, the contract was unfulfilled and consequently had no force to bind the misled male, who became *ipso facto* freed from the entangling alliance. Not content, however, with this major argument, Milton proceeds in this and subsequent tracts to demonstrate by expounding Biblical texts and quoting various scholars that the commonly recognized causes for divorce, if properly understood, would be seen to include all the grounds that he advocated, the term 'fornication' being stretched to cover a veritable multitude of domestic difficulties. In all four tracts on the subject no fault is found with the existing institution of marriage except in so far as it reflected a misconception of the original terms of the covenant; these once correctly interpreted, loopholes by the score were supplied on Biblical and scholastic authority for the escape of those suffering from suppressed intellectual desires. No new doctrine, according to Milton, was thus offered; on the contrary, the liberty of divorce, as stated on the title-page of the first tract, was merely 'restored . . . to the true meaning of Scripture'.

A still more striking example of the contractual theory as extended to secular affairs is to be found in the tract *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, in which, in a discussion

of monarchy, Milton boldly denies the existence of any contract between God and man and sets up in its place a purely human covenant. The divine right of kings theory, by which the Stuarts of England justified the tyranny they substituted for government, aptly summarized in James I's '*A deo rex, a rege lex*,' had been but little questioned before the days of Cromwell; but Milton, as spokesman for the cause of the Commonwealth, not only repudiated all such divine authority in monarchs, but by arguing that government originated in a human institution, similar to that later promulgated by Locke and Rousseau, maintained that, historically, the king was merely the appointee of the people and might be removed from office whenever he failed to abide by the terms of the social contract by which alone his position of authority was recognized. Kings and other magistrates, he says, were originally elected by the people 'not to be their lords and masters but to be their deputies and commissioners, to execute by virtue of their entrusted power that justice which else every man by the bond of nature and of covenant must have executed for himself and for one another.' And further, 'It being thus manifest that the power of kings and magistrates is nothing else but what is only derivative, transferred, and committed to them in trust from the people to the common good of all, in whom the power yet remains fundamentally, . . . it follows that to say that kings are accountable to none but God is the overturning of all law and government; [and] . . . that since the king holds his authority of the people, then may the people either choose him or reject him, retain him or depose him, merely by the liberty and right of freeborn men to be governed as seems to them best.'

Thus in Milton's political doctrines the contract theory still held good, and reform of existing conditions was again grounded simply on the discovery of what the contract involved in the case actually was; this once established, the consequent obligations were seen to be quite different from what misled popular opinion had previously conceived them to be, with the result that in the problem under discussion the people were shown to be clearly within their rights in



deposing Charles I, whose misuse of his delegated power had been the cause of Milton's tract. But once again, not content to allow the argument to stand on its own feet, Milton ransacks the Bible to provide texts and incidents from Old Testament history in order that his position might appear to be supported by final authority. Milton's conception of government may seem at first thought to be so fully in accord with modern ideas as to indicate an especially liberal view on his part, in advance of his other doctrines; but the truth is, not that he is particularly radical here, but that we to-day still hold to the theory of contract in the field of political thought, having abandoned it in many others.

It is hardly necessary to cite further examples to show the consistency with which Milton held to this fundamental Puritan doctrine or to illustrate his extension of it to include secular as well as religious problems; but it is worth pointing out before leaving the subject that in Milton's view of the matter, as in the orthodox conception also, the original covenant imposed responsibilities upon God in his relations to man as well as *vice versa*. As we might expect, the reassurance which mankind might find in such a contractual relationship is invoked by Milton at times of crisis, when for the moment the meaning and purpose of life became obscured, 'the unsearchable dispose of Highest Wisdom' peculiarly unfathomable. Thus, after rounding off the seven years of his formal education without reaching any conclusion as to what his life work was to be, we find him at the age of twenty-three still facing the future with an imperturbable confidence that God could be depended upon to see that his late spring would in due time bring forth bud and blossom:—

It shall be still in strictest measure even  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me and the will of Heaven.

Again, upon the loss of his eyesight, he is faced with obstinate questionings, which he answers by referring once more to the terms nominated in the bond.

Shall God exact day-labor, light denied?



he fondly asks; and he reassures himself by repeating the definition of the highest type of human service which in the Puritan view God could exact,—

Who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.

This obligation fulfilled, God could demand no more; with such service, according to the covenant, He must and would be content. A still clearer case is to be found in *Paradise Lost* in God's attitude towards Adam after the fall. Having rescinded the punishment originally decreed and substituted exile for death, God remained under contractual relations to Adam and was thereby obliged to see him through. New terms were laid down, based upon a life of work rather than one of idle worship, and though man had sinned and the face of God was turned somewhat away from him, a reward for future service was once more held out and the promise made that God through Christ would strengthen man so that he should finally bruise the head of the serpent and achieve his own redemption. 'He is faithful,' saith St. Paul; 'He cannot deny himself,' which means, Milton explains, that He 'cannot deny his own promises, cannot but be true to his own rules.'

During the long course of his pamphleteering career Milton was content to state and restate this contract theory; he undertook little argument in its defense. One of his clearest statements of it may be found as early as 1643 in the *Doctrine and Discipline*, where he says:—

The hidden ways of his providence we adore and search not, but the law is his revealed will, his complete, his evident and certain will: herein he appears to us as it were in human shape, enters into covenant with us, swears to keep it, binds himself like a just law-giver to his own prescriptions, gives himself to be understood by men, judges and is judged, measures and is commensurate to right reason. The vigor of his law could no more remit than the hallowed fire upon his altar be let go out.

Yet Milton was well aware even at the time of this writing that the theory was open to attack, and that indeed it was vigorously attacked even among Protestants by the Arminian sect, who

held that according to the orthodox Protestant doctrine the so-called covenant between God and man was no less than an ultimatum issued by God to Adam, in which man's alleged free-will was only free enough to permit a docile acceptance of the terms set forth therein, and that the element of predestination imposed conditions upon him which forever robbed him of the power of choice and thus made God 'the author of sin'. Having mentioned the Arminians, Milton devotes a brief sally to the overthrow of their position, his main point—whatever it may be—being contained in this sentence: 'Considering the perfection wherein man was created and might have stood, no decree necessitating his free-will, but subsequent, though not in time yet in order to causes, which were in his own power; they might methinks be persuaded to absolve both God and us.' The argument here presented is certainly 'as obscure as any fetched out of Genesis', to use one of his own phrases; and although he supports it by citing Plato, Chrysippus, Homer, Manilius, and Cicero to show that 'the justice of God stood upright even among heathen disputers', the paragraph seems to consist of mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. The occasion, however, is important, inasmuch as the appeal to the heathen prophets is at once followed by a challenge to all mankind which Milton himself was to answer twenty years later: 'If any man be truly and not pretendedly zealous for God's honor, here I call him before man and angels to use his best and most advised skill lest God . . . be made the author of sin.'

### III

Not until the close of his life, the cause for which he had given his middle years having been fought and lost, did Milton find leisure to enter the lists in response to this challenge voiced at the opening of his public career. *Paradise Lost* is his *apologia pro vita sua*, its purpose being, as all the world knows, to discuss the mutual relations between God and man, and against the opponents of the theory of contract and predestination to—

assert Eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to men;

that is, to demonstrate that God is *not* the author of sin. Whatever may be the meaning of the strange sentence in reply to the Arminians quoted above, it is clear at least that Milton therein absolved God from responsibility for man's fall by virtue of the fact that Adam made a free choice in the matter and that his sins were therefore upon his own head. This 'great argument' as elaborated in *Paradise Lost* is so well known that the briefest possible summary of it will be sufficient here. It runs somewhat as follows: According to the original contract, Adam was placed in the Garden of Eden and warned against evil but given complete freedom to choose his own course:—

God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
And good he made thee; but to persevere  
He left it in thy power—ordained thy will  
By nature free, not overruled by fate  
Inexorable, or strict necessity;

but man, through his fall, enslaved himself to sin, complete freedom of will being thereby somewhat impaired and 'upstart passions catch the government from reason'; yet through the mediation of Christ and the assistance of the Holy Ghost it is promised that mankind will again be received by God on terms almost as favorable as those of the original covenant,—

To guide them in all truth and also arm  
With spiritual armor, ready to resist  
Satan's assaults and quench his fiery darts.

It is, of course, obvious that the 'argument' by which Milton attempts to show that free-will and predestination are not mutually contradictory amounts to no more than the reiteration of such statements as—God 'made them sufficient to have stood, though free to fall,'—

Nor can they justly accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if Predestination overruled  
Their will;

or again, 'Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,' all of which must leave even the most docile reader unconvinced. A still greater difficulty lay in attempting to prove that man had entered

the original contract of his own volition; nor indeed was it possible to say anything in defense of this contention, since not even Milton could twist any passage in the Bible to mean that man had been consulted as to his own creation and had consented thereto. Adam's feeble protest on this point—

Why is life given  
To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down—

is easily overborne by Michael, it requiring little argument, however specious, to silence Adam as he is made to appear in the poem; but actually the issue is completely dodged in the angel's reply. But whatever may be the weaknesses or shortcomings of Milton's justification of the ways of God according to the contract theory, the significant fact remains that he held to this theory to the end of his life and gave the best of his literary genius to a steadfast attempt to demonstrate its validity.

Though *Paradise Lost* may be a total failure as an argument in support of the Puritan theory, *Samson Agonistes* certainly gives us a perfect example of its actual working. Here the contract is quite definite, although again man is not an active party to its making. Samson by the special grace of God is endowed with miraculous strength and is further entrusted with the secret of its origin. In voluntarily revealing the secret he breaks the contract and as a result forfeits the favor of God and is shorn of his might; and he realizes full well that he himself and not predestined fate or 'the woman' is to blame:—

Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool? . . .  
Immeasurable strength they might behold  
In me; of wisdom nothing more than mean. . . .  
She was not the prime cause, but I myself.

At this point, in order to emphasize his central message, Milton introduces into the plot three episodes not found in the Biblical story: Samson's father offers to bail him out of jail; Delilah appears and protesting a change of heart begs him to make use of her influence with his captors; the Philistine giant visits him and taunts him with the fact that God seems to have cast

him off. Samson replies to the first two offers that the issue is between himself and God only; no human intercession can change the situation:—

Let me here  
As I deserve pay on my punishment  
And exiate, if possible, my crime.

The giant's taunts bring forth only a renewed declaration of faith, 'My trust is in the living God', and a challenge to single combat 'to decide whose god is God'.

These evils I deserve and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant.

No clearer statement of God's obligations to man under the contract theory is to be found in all of Milton's writings than that revealed in Samson's abiding faith that though sinning and fallen he has a *right* to final pardon if he can prove himself worthy; and it is upon the conviction that God will, as indeed He must, ultimately re-admit the suppliant, that Samson continues to assert eternal providence and to build his life anew. His final triumph is therefore inevitable; it is simply the fulfilment of the contract by both parties thereto. This conception of the whole victorious tragedy is the theme of Manoa's final speech:—

Samson hath quit himself  
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished  
A life heroic; . . . all this  
With God not parted from him, as was feared,  
But favoring and assisting to the end.

And lest there should be any mistake in the matter, Milton again sums up the meaning of the entire play in the concluding strophe of the chorus:—

All is best, though oft we doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful Champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously.



Whatever may be thought of Milton's religious philosophy, a peculiar satisfaction is to be found in the fact that just before his death he gave the world so compelling an illustration of the creed by which he lived.

## IV

But, it may well be asked, what, in the meantime, has become of Milton's supposed liberalism? According to the above line of argument it appears that Milton was little if any better than the crabbed textualists he himself reviles. This, however, is not the case; for it must be remembered that although holding to the contract idea, he admitted, indeed he insisted, that the individual should interpret for himself the true nature and terms of his obligations. He is the truly religious man, says Milton, 'who to the best of his apprehension follows the Scripture though against 'ny point of doctrine by the whole church received'; and in the practice of apprehending Biblical texts in such a way as to support his own preconceived ideas, Milton could beat the devil himself in quoting Scripture for his own purpose. As for the interpretation of these texts, the skill with which he took advantage of ambiguous passages and the conflicting glosses of previous scholars might well have served Swift as the model for the process of rationalization by which the three brothers in *The Tale of a Tub* justified *jure paterno* the addition of the fashionable shoulder-knots to the homespun coats which their father had commanded them 'not to add to or diminish one thread'. Yet there is no valid reason to question Milton's intellectual honesty in the matter; he himself seems to have been quite unconscious of the depths of sophistry and casuistry to which he sank when once embarked on a course of 'interpretation'; nor apparently was the sanctity of the contract impaired for him even when such re-writing of terms made that document take on the opposite of its former face.

Milton, as we have seen, condemned the Puritan's practice of paring the liberal path in which God had set his feet into a 'razor's edge to walk on between a precipice of unnecessary mischief on either side', but the Puritan might well have pre-

ferred his own precarious equilibrium to the gasping agonies of Milton engulfed in a Charybdean whirlpool of liberalism and struggling vainly to keep his head above water by clinging to the Scyllian rock of dogma, which all the while threatened to crush him. The picture—somewhat lurid, to be sure, but none the less a fair statement of the actual situation—brings us back to our initial problem: Is Milton liberal or is he conservative? There can be no single answer to this question. In theory he stood firm upon the contract idea of Puritan theology; in the principles he advocated for the worship of God and the conduct of human life, he was certainly quite radical for his own age; and in actual practice, by a very doubtful intellectual process, he often chose to escape from the rigors of the orthodox theory and thus achieved a specious sort of liberalism. The term 'liberalism' as it is used to-day still needs considerable definition; but a student at a recent convention seemed to strike at the heart of the matter in saying, 'We are hard-boiled individualists.' To such a position Milton's philosophy would certainly give a flat negative, for to him human life was not an experiment in self-determination but a discipline in mutual relationships. It is the villain in Milton's masterpiece who declares,—

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven;

and if the student's phrase expresses the essence of liberalism, Milton will have to be written down as a hard-boiled conservative, and as an apostle of a particular type of conservatism which the present age would do well to ponder.

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## THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH POE DID HIS IMAGINATIVE WORK

Unfortunately, the dates of publication of most of Poe's stories and poems fail to supply the student with much information concerning the exact time at which they were written, and, when all is said, it must be admitted that much of what is to follow depends upon speculation. Especially is this true of the earlier periods of his life, about which we possess so little information of any kind. The whole matter is complicated by the fact that since several of his stories, which we know to be early productions, were formerly placed much later in the list of publications than we now know to be true, it may be conjectured that the same is true of others of his imaginative works. Which are these? This cannot be said with certainty. Hence, much of this paper will have to be imaginative, though I trust that most of the conclusions will be made plausible, even if they cannot be made indisputable, by such facts as can be gathered for the purpose.

Perhaps it will be well to take stock at the outset and lay the known facts before us: let us begin with the little volume that died aborning in Boston in 1827, when the author was eighteen years of age. Granting that he was a genius and precocious, it is difficult to conceive of any of these verses as having been produced before he was fifteen. This will give us the year 1824 as the time when he possibly began to write them. This is borne out in part by the statement in Woodberry (*Life*, I, 27) which seems to refer to this year of his life, though on an authority not clearly defined, but given as Ingram, I, 24. This statement is to the effect that Poe read his poems to his companions in the Classical School at Richmond. Woodberry seems inclined to believe that attempts at verse were made even earlier, (*Life*, I, 23) which is perfectly possible, even probable. But it is not necessary to conclude that these earlier verses were considered by even the immature lad of eighteen as being worthy of a place in the volume by "A Bostonian". I find it hard to believe that anything in that slender booklet saw the light before Poe had reached the age of fifteen.

His next publication came in 1829, after two years of silence, the period having been passed as an enlisted man in the national army. The book was printed in Baltimore; two years later this was followed by the New York edition. Much of the contents of these were revisions of parts of the Boston volume. Then, after three years, the activities of which we know little, came five stories, published between January and December, 1832, in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*. During the next summer he submitted to the Baltimore *Saturday Visiter* "at least six tales" (Woodberry, I, 98). At the same time he offered what has always been believed to be a part of "Politian" in the poetry contest conducted by the same paper. Nothing more was published, with the exception of "The Visionary" in *Godey's*—later republished as "The Assignation"—until he began his connection with *The Southern Literary Messenger*, in which, between March, 1835, and April, 1836, he published thirteen tales. There is a break to be noted, however, as no tales appeared between October and February. Since we know that five of these were reprints, and since we have reason to believe that others belong to the group submitted to the *Saturday Visiter*, we cannot be sure that he did any creative writing while on the staff of the *Messenger*, except that he printed a part of "Arthur Gordon Pym" at this time, and he may have completed it.

At any rate, this seems to have been the next narrative to appear after Poe left the *Messenger*. The fact that its publication was delayed for more than a year after he had left Richmond must certainly be attributed in part to the passage of time while finding a publisher, but may not some of the delay be accounted for on the ground of completion and revision?

The year 1838 also saw two other tales, "Ligeia" in September, and "A Blackwood Article" with its sequel, in December. With these tales may be said to begin the publication of that steady stream which continued with but brief intermissions until November, 1846. With the appearance of "The Cask of Amontillado" in *Godey's* of that month Poe's creative work may almost be said to be done, for from that time until his death—a period of more than two years—he published only three tales.

It must not be overlooked, however, that during these last months he wrote "Eureka" and some of his best poems.

The most of what has been said may be depended upon as fact, but since we know that the dates of publication of the poems and tales have little to do with the time of their production, we are only slightly informed by these facts concerning the circumstances under which they were written. A few things, however, seem to be reasonably clear.

The first of these is that Poe did not seem to be capable of doing much of his best creative work while his attention was seriously engaged with editorial and critical matters. If we are to accept his statement, "With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will be excited . . . ;" if we are to accept this statement as truth, and as applying to the writing of his tales, it is easy to understand why the mind engaged with a multiplicity of tasks could seldom bring itself to bear upon matters belonging to the realm of the imagination. Therefore, we turn naturally to those periods when he was unemployed upon regular tasks as the most likely occasions for his best creative writing.

Examining first the earlier period of his life, we find further justification of this. The 1827 volume of poems, one suspects, is the fruit of three or four years of boyish efforts at verse, the urging of a creative mind which is just beginning to unfold, and of a literary ambition which is just beginning to awaken. We have heard that he read verses to the boys in the school at Richmond. Doubtless many of these were discarded, but probably many were laid away, and some were revised under the dictates of an older judgment and a maturer taste—still immature—so that the youth of eighteen believed himself ready to speak to a public wider than that afforded by the pupils of the Classical School.

Once started, such a mind could not remain inactive during the two years of army life. It is interesting to speculate upon how much in the way of poems and stories Poe may have written during those two years on Sullivan's Island. That he wrote something seems assured by the almost immediate publication of



the Baltimore volume upon his retirement from the service. West Point probably gave less time for meditation, but we know that he did some writing while there, though about all that can be identified with certainty belongs in the class of local satires.

Then followed the "hidden years" (1831-1834), during which, according to Campbell, his work "must have been in the field of the short story, and he also labored on his play, 'Poltian'." The publication of the *Saturday Courier* group in 1832, and the "Folio Club" series, submitted in 1833, go a long way toward substantiating this view. We know that the budding author planned a volume or series of stories centering about "The Folio Club". It would seem as if he had almost gladly seized upon these years of unemployment, determined to make the most of his leisure.

Two interesting, though not particularly fruitful, fields of speculation are presented by these hidden years. One may be suggested by the question: How many stories were completed or worked out by Poe during this time? The other concerns the actual list of stories in the group of "The Folio Club". Only this much seems to be certain: though he published a number of his tales in the *Southern Literary Messenger* while he was its editor, at least five of these were reprints. This does not appear to be the act of a man who has a desk full of completed stories. "Arthur Gordon Pym" has already been spoken of.

Unfortunately, the circumstances under which these tales were written must remain shrouded in much uncertainty. How Poe supported himself we do not know; it can hardly have been by any income from his writings. Woodberry states (I, 95) that "he was given an allowance by Mr. Allan." This cannot be accepted, especially since the recent publication of the Valentine "Letters". We are told that he made several attempts to secure employment; once as a teacher (Woodberry, I, 89), and at another time in an editorial capacity under a Mr. Gwynn (*Ibid.*, I, 88). Both efforts were unsuccessful. The only authorities we have for this period seem to agree in but one respect, after being purged of their interesting but too romantic details: Poe had a great deal of time to employ as he might choose. Wilmer, quoted by Woodberry (I, 92), writing thirty-three years after

the event, states that Poe was able to dress with elegance at the time of their association. Woodberry dates this period as the latter part of 1833 (I, 94, note), on the ground that since several of Poe's tales had already been published, it must have been after the *Saturday Visiter* episode. Since we now know that he had begun to publish tales in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* as early as January, 1832, it is possible to date the association with Wilmer earlier by at least a year, and so accept his statements that Poe was at least decently provided with funds at that time. Wilmer's further interesting remark that it was "soon after his return from St. Petersburg" seems to prove two things: that he had not long resided in Baltimore, and that the young romancer was not confining all his efforts to the written word.

Accepting Wilmer's account of Poe's financial condition as applying to the middle of 1832, we must suppose that the twelve months following were exceedingly lean ones, for we have the word of J. P. Kennedy that the condition of Poe late in 1833 was so embarrassing as to prevent his accepting a dinner invitation since he had no clothes fit to wear. Mr. Latrobe's account of Poe at the same period, as quoted by Woodberry (I, 100) and discredited by him, represents the young writer as "poor but not shabby". This may be one of the results of Wilmer's recollections, since Mr. Latrobe's account is a late one.

From what has been said it seems manifest that about all that we know with certainty concerning Poe's circumstances from the time he came to Baltimore until he won the prize in the *Visiter* contest and came under the patronage of Kennedy is that he was able to employ his time and his mind very much as he pleased. Those charming anecdotes of his love affairs may or may not be true. The stories which he wrote at this time show no need of experimentation in the field of applied romance; on the other hand, they are not incompatible with such experimentation. That Poe was impressionable, to say the least, where women were concerned, seems amply substantiated by later and uncontested events; that he craved feminine sympathy and admiration appears equally true. He must have been lonely. Hence, it is not at all improbable that he did spend a good deal of

time in the society of such attractive young women as he knew. But the effect, if there be any, of these associations upon his work would be hard to trace.

It is more easily to be demonstrated that he spent much time in reading. It has been frequently charged that he was not a well-educated man, but it would seem that something depends upon one's definition of education. If, as has been said, to be educated means the knowledge of where to find information, it must be conceded that Poe belongs among the educated; but this matter need not be pressed. The fact remains that no man could have been aware of the vast array of facts, epigrams, ideas, and what not which crowd his pages without having done a vast amount of reading. In these days of public libraries and cheap editions of standard books, men with an acquaintance with the printed page equal to his are rare; it is all the more remarkable that a man of limited means should have been able to get hold of so many books on so many themes a century ago. Much of this reading must have been done at this period, for later he can hardly have had time for reading much except the books which he reviewed.

It seems probable that Poe was doing a good deal of reading during the period, while it is known that he was much engaged in writing. Is it not also probable that the reading was the source of much of the writing? It is true that the germs of such stories as "Berenice" would be hard to trace to any particular source, but this does not affect the matter. Poe did not hesitate to affirm that "Hans Pfaall" was suggested by a volume he had been reading. (Woodberry, I, 100—note). Leaving out of consideration the manner in which "Metzengerstein" may have been suggested, let us return to "Berenice", from which I quote, because the statement seems not without meaning: "My books at this epoch . . . the treatise of the noble Italian Cœlius Secundus Curio *De Amplitudine Beati Regni Dei*; St. Augustine's great work, *The City of God*; and Tertullian *De Carni Christi* . . . occupied my undivided time." As the story proceeds Poe quotes from Ptolemy Hephestion, Simonides, Ebn Zaiat, and, from an unnamed author, a statement concerning M. Sallé.

In "The Assignation" references of the same sort are to be found; the story is headed by a quotation from Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, while in the body of the tale are others from Sir Thomas More, Michael Angelo, Politian, Chapman, and Revisius Textor.

From what we know to-day concerning the character and circumstances of Mr. Allan, it is not probable that his library had abounded in works of the kind mentioned in the days preceding his succession to the Galt fortune. Granting that he then purchased a library by the yard, or fell into the possession of one, among the other effects of his rich relation, the adopted son—whether *de facto* or *de jure* does not matter—was not at home long enough after the event, nor was he sufficiently mature at the time, to have done any extensive reading of the kind. And if the United States government provided this type of literature for its enlisted men at the little army posts, that custom has long since passed away. Traditionally, the curriculum and military exercises of West Point could have left little time for what has been happily termed creative reading. Hence, the conclusion seems evident that this period of production was likewise a period of what must have been more than mere browsing among a great variety and number of books.

After Poe went upon the staff of the *Southern Literary Messenger* it does not seem probable that he wrote a great deal except reviews and routine pieces, until after he left Richmond. Revising what he had on hand evidently required some time. "Arthur Gordon Pym" may have been begun at this time, though it was not published until 1838. But not a new tale appeared from April, 1836, until "Leigeia" came out in the *American Museum* of September, 1838. Very little else appeared until the late spring of 1839. Woodberry is probably justified in saying (I, 199): "These pieces, together with 'Von Jung, the Mystific', already mentioned, even in conjunction with his work on 'Arthur Gordon Pym' and the text-books, seem insufficient to account for Poe's time between January, 1837, and January, 1839, and it is likely that material was slowly accumulating in his desk."

The trouble is that we do not know what this material was

which was thus accumulating. The first creative work published after January, 1839, was "The Devil in the Belfry" which may easily have been conceived among the Knickerbocker associations of New York; but this did not appear until May. It was not until August that the next tale appeared, this being "The Man Who Was Used Up"; "William Wilson" and "The Fall of the House of Usher" soon followed. But this was not until late in the year, after Poe had joined *Burton's*. The November issue of that magazine carried a reprint of "Morella" instead of a new story; was it because the material in the desk was exhausted?

Burton had stated in his letter to Poe of May 10, 1839 (Woodberry I, 202) that two hours a day would suffice for all the attention Poe would be expected to give the magazine. Assuming that twice this amount of time had to be spent in the office, Poe must have found a good deal of leisure at his disposal, and it is probable that "Julius Rodman" was worked out—in whole or in part—at this time.

With the beginning of Poe's connection with *Graham's Magazine* in April, 1841, begins a series of tales which covers the whole period of that connection. Of these, at least six were notable. Since he went to Graham after several months of unemployment, it seems probable that much of this work had been done during the interval; in fact, there is evidence to show that he had been hard at work.

One major purpose seems to have actuated Poe during this period, and that was his projected *Penn Magazine*. This purpose was afterwards revived and renamed *The Stylus*. For this he had been planning and advertising, and evidently he had been preparing material for it. According to Woodberry (I, 268) he writes, on January 17, 1841, to his friend Snodgrass: "I shall be delighted to receive any *prose* article from your pen. As for poetry, I am overstocked with it . . . . I shall aim at *originality* in the body of the work, more than at anyother especial quality. I have one or two articles of my own *in statu pupillari* that would make you stare, at least on account of the utter oddity of their conception. To carry out the conception is a difficulty which—may be overcome."



As one glances through the tales which appeared in *Graham's* during the year in which Poe was its editor, it is easy to grant the "oddity of conception" upon which their author was insistent. The list is headed with "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; this is followed by "The Island of the Fay", "Monos and Una", "Never Bet the Devil Your Head", "Three Sundays in a Week", "Eleonora", "The Oval Portrait", and "The Masque of the Red Death". Surely, while these tales may not all stand on one level of excellence, the varied oddities of their conceptions can be expected to make one stare.

As to the poetry with which Poe says he was overstocked, one cannot be quite sure. Perhaps one may read into the words just quoted a courteous attempt at forestalling any verses which the excellent Snodgrass may have been about to submit. Perhaps he had been showered with sonnets by his friends the *literati*. Perhaps he was referring to his own compositions. Campbell states in a note on "The Raven" (*The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, p. 246): "Mrs. Weiss declares that Poe assured her . . . that he began the poem more than ten years before it was published . . . An account emanating from a Mrs. Barhyte . . . [says] that Poe mentioned the poem to her . . . in the summer of 1842." It may be possible that Poe had on hand a number of ideas which he felt could be brought into shape upon short notice, and as required.

The circumstances amid which he was now working were not of the happiest; the pinch of poverty must have been acute, and Poe had suffered illness. "Unmerciful disaster" was beginning to increase its pressure upon the family, for Virginia was only too soon to enter upon her long and fatal illness. On the other hand, this blow was as yet unsuspected; the Poes were making friends, and his literary reputation was increasing; he was in the fullness of his powers, and, as the letter to Snodgrass goes to show, he felt sure of himself, and equal to taking the world by the button and making it listen to what he had to say. The end of the rainbow with its bag of gold lay just around the corner. Success was almost within his grasp. It is at such times that men are capable of their best.

In May, 1842, was ended the connection with Graham, and Poe published nothing from that time until the last part of the year. He was again gathering himself for the great leap, though his attention was now divided between the project of his own magazine and an effort to secure employment under the government. Writing seems to have been pushed into the background until late in the year, at least; or else he was saving as much as he could for *The Stylus*. Among the stories published, however, were "Marie Rogêt", "The Pit and the Pendulum", "The Black Cat", and "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains". All of these appeared between his leaving Graham and his departure for New York.

It was during the first week of April, 1844, that Poe set out from Philadelphia for the larger city with some \$10 in cash, an invalid wife, a bundle of MS. and no very definite purpose. For the information that he carried with him a number of tales we are indebted to his letter to James Russell Lowell, under date of May 28, 1844 (Woodberry, II, 69). In this letter he states that he is the author of the following unpublished tales: "The Oblong Box", "The Premature Burial", "The Purloined Letter", "The System of Doctors Tar and Fether" (*sic*), "Mesmeric Revelation", and "Thou Art the Man". To this list of six we must add three others which must have been written about the same time as these. They are: "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains", which appeared in April, 1844; "The Spectacles", sent to R. H. Horne at this period; and "The Balloon Hoax", which appeared in the *New York Sun* one week after the Poes arrived in the metropolis.

Concerning this list submitted to Lowell, it is interesting to note that only one other story appeared until all of this group had been published. This was "The Literary Life of Thingum Bob, Esq." Whether this was written after the other titles were sent to Lowell, or whether Poe accidentally or purposely neglected to name it is a matter for conjecture. A thing so slight may have been hastily dashed off, or else may not have been regarded as worthy of notice.

Dr. Woodberry's deduction from the above list is (II, 72): "Nothing is plainer, in his life, than that he had difficulty

in selling his work, and was poorly paid." This statement, as it stands, appears open to criticism. That he was poorly paid admits of little doubt, but, with a few exceptions, literature has never been a very lucrative profession. But if one takes the view that Poe was collecting material for his magazine during his periods of unemployment, and this seems plausible, as the Snodgrass letter shows, it is not at all strange nor to be blamed upon the editors of the day, that he sometimes found a stock of tales on hand. That he found it difficult to bring out collections of his tales is well known, but the fact that every story mentioned above, with two others, was published in rapid succession, seems to be rather good proof that he could dispose of his work when he cared to. Dr. Woodberry makes out a good case for one story, however. Concerning this he quotes (II, 123) Poe, as quoted by Briggs in a letter to Lowell: "Poe tells me Graham refused to print his tale of 'The Gold Bug', and kept it in his possession nine months."

*The Broadway Journal* went the way of all the earth in January, 1845, and in April Poe began to publish the last group of stories he gave to the world during his lifetime. They began with "Some Words With a Mummy". "The Power of Words" followed in June, "The Imp of the Perverse" in July. There was a break until December when "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" was published. After another eleven months, while he struggled with the disease that was now rapidly carrying away his wife, amid the direst poverty, he printed "The Cask of Amontillado", and, four months later, "The Domain of Arnheim". Two more years were to elapse before "Mellonta Tauta" and "Hop Frog" were to see the light, the last while he was still alive. Among his effects Griswold reported only four slight pieces: "X-ing a Paragrab", "The Sphinx", "Von Kempelen and His Discovery", and "Landor's Cottage".

Evidently, toward the last Poe was living, in a literary sense, from hand to mouth. That some of his power still remained seems evident from "The Cask of Amontillado" and the exquisite "Landor's Cottage." But was the will to write left? Much thought and labor had been going into "Eureka," it is true; he had not been idle. But this had been devoted to a subject

necessarily vague. The dream of *The Stylus* was fading; the end of the rainbow was farther off than had at first appeared. *The Broadway Journal* may not have wrecked his hopes, but after its failure he never seems to have possessed the purpose, so far as creative work was concerned, which had driven him on up to that time. And what purpose was remaining seems to have evaporated steadily until his death.

The immediate circumstances which led to the production of Poe's creative work seem, then, to have been two. He needed leisure to create, and a purpose more compelling than that of creation for its own sake. At the first that purpose seems to have been the achievement of literary fame and position; as he grew older his aim was to be the proprietor of a superlatively great magazine. Having achieved the one, and having lost hope of any immediate realization of the other, he seems to have become confused and—in its real sense—aimless. It seems almost as if a merciful Providence permitted him to fall on sleep at the summit of his fame, rather—

Than sit the fire out and go starv'd to bed,  
as Landor complained was his own lot.

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## THE LIFE OF UNREASON

### I

"Is it true," I asked the old lawyer, "that the United States has a larger percentage of criminals than any other nation in the world?" He had practiced in wilder days than ours, before the Middle West was safe for the 'divine average', and had a sense of justice as well as a knowledge of law.

As he turned away from the crackling fire he smiled slowly. "Of course. We have more laws than any other nation."

He returned to his old man's dreams in the fire; but my mind began to follow the trail his remark had blazed. I remembered the state university where I had been teaching English, and I remembered the thick phamplet of rules and regulations used in our department—the factory-like system by which the students were veneered with a knowledge of certain facts concerning literature and tagged as 'educated'.

The old lawyer and the English department have remained in my mind as respective symbols of divine common sense and human blindness. Now there is nothing wrong with a knowledge of facts, and there is a necessity for laws; but laws are not life, and facts about literature are not literature. It is the perversion of goods that makes evils. It is the distorted emphasis we place upon laws and facts—that hides the true ends of living and reading. And the end I speak of is emotion.

The Homeric singers were not exact historians, the ancient Hebrew dreamers had no empirical science; but they created great literature. And the secret? They touched men's emotions. The crash of the 'topless towers' engendered a cry, and the tragedy of human life inspired worship and wailing and love. The Greek rhetoricians knew their business when they included persuasion as a necessary part of composition. They knew the need to stir men's hearts.

The realest experiences we have are emotional. If we can remember, the times when life seemed really life to us and not merely existence were fashioned of the stuff of the emotions,



not the rational mind. We cannot rule out the mind, for tragic history has shown us the necessity for light as well as sweetness. It is our only guide in social relationships; to use John Erskine's phrase—we have a "moral obligation to be intelligent." When the anarchist would destroy anything and everything, and the stand-patter preserve anything and everything, there is need for a Socrates to ask why. But the rational mind, at best, is an instrument—a sharp instrument that cuts through the tangled web of cross-purposes and shows us our ends. It is necessary to conduct; we must know what we do. And it is necessary for the internal life of the individual; we must know ourselves. But logic is the *ars artium* just because it cannot stand by itself. It is a method, not a goal.

Moreover, knowledge is of great value as an aid to the emotions. It can detach the personality from the oppression of locality, so that "the mind is its own place." It can provide that perspective which is a sense of humor, allowing us to take all our experiences not too seriously, and thereby preserving the lives of many disappointed lovers. And it can also open up new realms for the operations of emotion. To the uninitiated Bach is cold because he does not know what Bach is trying to do. To the understanding musician Bach is very moving. A knowledge of astronomy inspires wonder and awe. Even the search for knowledge can be valuable for its emotion. Book-worms are not to be pitied; they know the thrill of adventure into foreign countries of the mind.

No, we would not disparage logic and knowledge, but insist on their being kept in their place. We must not get so tangled in the ropes that we cannot hoist a sail. The perversity of many of our thinkers is that they give to the rational mind more importance than it deserves. They are not analytic enough to realize that analysis is secondary to feeling,—that the rational can become a deadening disease—not only a way to the light, but a way to spiritual darkness. The knowledge that is the fruit of experience is only valuable when it points the way to more satisfactory experience, or yields emotional goods like sympathy and love. The greatest French intellectual, Anatole France, was more than a thinker. His attitude held the irony

that knows pity and sympathy. He had not only a knowledge of philosophies but also wisdom. It is not heaven to be a child, for children are prey to countless fears; but it is heaven to accept joy and sorrow like a child. For this reason a Chinese poet says: "I talk with the philosophers; but I walk with the children, into the land of light."

A little girl of fifteen once summed up for me her edition of the career of man by saying, "I think we were once monkeys and in peons and peons of time we'll be just minds." She has an amusing habit of using new words without quite mastering their meanings, but for me, her mistake in this sentence had connotations. "Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes" the days will pass by offering anything we choose. And we shall choose to be peons—slaves of geometry, of graphs and blue prints. There will be truly "neither joy, nor love, nor light." And as the day departs we shall echo Emerson, "I, too late, under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

But, you protest, emotion cannot be the end of life because it has no certainty or predictability. A boat at the mercy of wind and tide needs a goal. All right, let us have our goals, if we need them. Let us live for socialism or expressionism, or the League of Nations, or Gothic art. Only somewhere in the depths of our minds let us remember that El Dorado will always be behind the horizon and that the joy and sorrow along the way are the really important things. And after all—what is certain? Truths discovered by reason? Ideas evolve and change. One generation calls the other a liar. G. Lowes Dickinson, in his *Modern Symposium*, gives expression to a Liberal, and a Conservative, an Anarchist and a Socialist, a Poet, a Biologist, a Man of Letters; and the startling thing about it is—they are all right! Certainty in facts? Bacon thought to tabulate all possible facts as a basis for thought. But we know the external world only by a leap of faith, and 'hard facts' are only hard because we sometimes lack imagination. Out of a universe not made for our understanding we fashion a universe of order. The order is all within the mind, and the mind thinks by language, and language is made up by words dictated by our limited five senses. We have created a world for our-

selves—a world of discourse. This science suffices, perhaps, to make us feel at home in the midst of indifferent forces. But it has no certainty. The certainty of the gods will never be known. They change with man.

As you approach the skyline of New York you uncounsciously expect some kind of very definite entity living behind the soaring walls of the skyscrapers. The City is there waiting to shake your hand and tell you strange tales and show you his kingdom. It is a poetic figure; we commonly take our poetry literally. But if you should glide toward Manhattan on the Staten Island ferry, for two or three minutes you would understand the illusion of those serried ramparts. At one point you will be exactly opposite Broadway. The city falls open. You seem to see clean through it. There is nothing but an empty canyon. If you have been complacently dreaming, you may be startled into sudden panic.

But what of it? Resignation, says Bertrand Russell, is the gateway to the temple of a free man's worship. And Santayana, "a perfect love is nourished by despair." There are shop windows along Broadway. There are theaters and houses. There are buying and selling, and laughter and tears. There is the whole life of the emotions. And so our figure of the City waiting for us is poetically true. It is a truth of emotion, and the literal disillusion is meaningless beside this other spiritual experience. Because we are afraid to know ourselves and accept the human tragedy we demand more definite ends. We enclose ourselves in rational systems, bare houses of paper, and fear to poke our fingers through the walls to know more abundant life. No, not all are afraid; some are complacently content with their paper houses. One of them speaks in the *Fur Coat* by James Stephens;—

    . . . . I sniffed a sniff,  
And climbed upon my sunny shelf,  
And sneezed a bit, and scratched myself.

And some are atrophied by too much analysis and rationalizing. There is nothing for them but to end the business like the first philosopher in *The Crock of Gold*, who summed up existence in one breath and then put an end to it by whirling around until

life had quite passed out of him. But the other philosopher, Mr. Stephens tells us, met Pan and argued with him, and in spite of himself came away with delightful quickenings, so that he tried to kiss the woman he met by the well. For him and his kind there is hope.

We are continually misunderstanding Keats. With a flash of intuitive wisdom he said—"Beauty is truth, truth beauty. That is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." And we have said—"That explains nothing." On the contrary, it explains everything. The only realities we know, and the only ones worth while are summed up in what Keats calls beauty. And the only explanation of beauty we can find, for all the volumes of the æstheticians, is that certain objects or actions stir our emotions so that we know wonder and love. If we wish to analyse more deeply we shall get further by examination of the nervous system on which emotion depends, not by a tabulation of abstract art forms.

There is no reason for distrusting emotion because it is ephemeral. When you close your eyes the world disappears. The effect of wine is short-lived, and food is soon digested. Ideas change as we change. And should they become fixed—which is dangerous—even so, it is their power to move us that is important. The ideas in this paper would mean nothing to me if they had not contributed hours of emotional living. Such living is based on the only permanence possible to us,—quality of soul—, primarily upon the capacity for wonder, for the lack of which Carlyle denounced his generation. "We shall never die for lack of wonders but for lack of wonder," says Chesterton. Mill's autobiography gives plain testimony of the terrible emptiness resulting from an education in reason without emotion. The rational mind can help us to find heaven; but in itself it is not heaven. Like Moses, it cannot enter the promised land.

Distrust of emotion as the end of life and art is largely due to distrust of our animal nature. Conduct which involves others is another matter; there we must scrutinize our animal natures with dispassionate logic. But we can never be anything but animals for all our longing to be gods. "Our only portion is the estate of man: we want the moon, but we shall get no more." And

the sooner we adjust ourselves to that inexorable destiny, the sooner we can live 'more abundantly'. The Son of God was also the Son of Man. The Bread and Wine is a sacrament of more than the Body and Blood; it is also the harvest. And let us remember, if we are concerned about morals, that looseness is not a necessary concomitant of emotion, nor æsceticism of 'spiritual' living.

I am aware that one could draw a ludicrous picture of the life of feeling, showing the individual hurrying from experience to experience, as if from one free lunch to another, until stuffed and satiated, he groans with indigestion. We need wisdom. And nature helps us in our blundering by interposing moods like her own patient brooding, in which we draw quiet strength from the sun and absorb our emotions by meditating on them.

## II

We are continually searching for words to express a *raison d'être* for literature. We usually skate over the obvious surface with words like realism, romanticism, classic, modern, objective, subjective. Such categories do not explain the artist as much as do the dates of his birth. Few artistic theories get to the heart of the matter. Wordsworth, for a few years was a great poet; his theories were narrow and silly. He was a poet by the compulsion of emotion, not by his analysis of poetry. And when the capacity for emotion left him he became merely a versifier. It is so in any art. Renoir did not attempt theory. "Do not ask me whether art should be subjective or objective, for I must admit that I don't care a raw pin." Maillol has ignored the chattering of the schools and does his best teaching by his example. No man is an artist without emotional compulsion. His peculiar temperament and education will dictate whether he is stirred by stockyards, or Chinese legends, or the illusion of desire; and his manner of speaking may be cold-blooded, like a steel blade caculated to open wounds, or warm, like fire that burns. But the cause of his expression is always feeling demanding room for itself. If an artist like Cabell looks too long at the ocean, he must write *Jurgen*. And the joy of the reader furnishes a corollary of feeling inspired or caught. Any



course in literature which ignores these basic simplicities may be good history or philosophy but does not teach its subject.

It is preoccupation with emotion that has made all the great literature from Homer to Thomas Mann. The outstanding element of the *Odyssey*, for me, is the eternally human stuff it is made of. We see "girls briskly treading down the clothes in busy rivalry." The sailors cannot restrain their curiosity and open the bag of winds. Circe is passion compounded of serpents and honey, Nausicaa a soft wind. Nausicaa makes Odysseus follow her into town at a distance to avoid scandal among the boat-builders. She is ashamed to speak of marriage to her father. Men "vie with one another in battle," love their homes—when they are away from them,—are noble and base, in short are emotional brothers of ours for all the difference in civilizations.

The realization of this kinship in all great literature is bound to result in a catholic appetite which discriminates for the purpose of understanding, not for finicky selection. Form no longer is a bogey frightening us away from strangeness. We ask of a book, "What moved the man to write this?" And then, "Did he succeed in moving me?" Later, if we enjoy craftsmanship, we can ask, "By what means does he shape his material into effectiveness? And if we must use the word *form* in explaining all this, we will not try to give it abstract reality apart from its 'content'." You can make copies of Phidias by pouring bronze into a mold; Phidias modeled the clay itself. Every poem Browning wrote had a form of its own. Emotion must take shape to be articulate and understandable, but the shape should be dictated by the nature of the emotion and the peculiar temper of the artist. The criterion for 'pure poetry', according to George Moore, makes an interesting method for compiling an anthology, but as a critical creed it flies off at a tangent from the whirling wheel of art.

A true catholicity can understand a poem like *Hot Afternoons in Montana*, the *Nation* prize poem. Exaltation—a mystic experience very different from Dante's, breaks through conventional bonds and lifts itself to the sun. Anyone who says, "He is raving," reminds me of the puzzled question put

to me by an unimaginative college student. "Do you mean to say that any man in his right mind ever felt all the slush in Keats's *Nightingale*?" To make Lincoln negative—if you don't like that sort of thing, that is not the sort of thing you like. Or take the disciplined mind of the Latin professor, A. E. Housman. His poems are hard and compact, cut meticulously like carved Greek gems, fitting shape for emotion that is lightly bitter, urbanely tragic. We have no use for Arnold's critical method, no need to hold Whitman against Vergil or Shaw against Shakespeare. Each is himself, and as he succeeds or fails in being himself is he worth cherishing. There is room for both Huysman and Dickens.

At first thought such an approach seems to bring anarchy into criticism. It does. But it also brings meaning. "How well does the author succeed in his attempt, and how much is the result significant for me?" is all that the critic can ask.

This emphasis upon the emotional content of literature ought to intensify and deepen the place of literature in our living. Literature is not 'second-hand living'. At least it is such only to writers who are forced by economic necessity into writing more than they are spiritually compelled to write, or to readers who take it only as a pleasant exercise in form, like a crossword puzzle, or to critics who say that poetry should be a 'criticism of life.' Indifference or narrowness! Literature is life, and has the power of making us live. Why do we go to see tragedies—those of us who do? Aristotle suggested, for the purging of ourselves by emotions greater than our own, a spiritual catharsis. It seems to me that Aristotle has taken the end for the means. There may be purgation, but the heart of the matter concerns the emotional content of the play. In it we live and move and have our being. It creates for us the illusion of important life—of high and significant life. We are breathless with bigness, and we forget we are mist on the grass that fades. Paradoxically the play may even present to us the impotence and pettiness of man, but we, the audience, become gods and live with the tragic emotions of gods. We may commonly be brothers of Job; but now we are of the cherubim.

And more, literature gives us the touch of other personalities.

We join hands in darkness; are thrilled by the comradeship of others in the same darkness; find what Conrad called our 'social solidarity'. Sometimes in communion with them we "trouble the gold gateway of the stars" and know ecstasy. There is nothing second-hand about all this. It is richer living because it has the meaning of emotion. Without such meaning there is only "panic and emptiness."

Euripides wrote the *Trojan Women* in a time of personal disillusion and mental suffering. Athens had become a tyrant, greedy for empire. And Euripides bitterly tore open the ancient fraud, showed the reverse of the picture—not the glory of the Greeks, but the Trojan terror. Towards the end Hecuba is being led away to slavery. She speaks despairingly of the "empty hand of god," then pauses and begins again with a quiet and burning strength.

. . . . All is well.

Had He not turned us in His hand, and thrust  
Our high things low and shook our hills as dust,  
We had not been this splendor, and our wrong  
An everlasting music for the song  
Of earth and heaven.

"Small comfort," you say.—"a literary consolation." But let us imagine the poet's experience. From his own lines he catches a deathless glory. There is a 'high place' of emotion where tragedy is absorbed because it is accepted and understood. And Athens, perhaps, affects him less horribly. There is transmutation wrought by feeling. The poet is finding—not happiness, in our narrow sense of the word,—but life. Or he "forgets, as poets do, his pain in song." Such literature is really "the life-blood of a master spirit." It is certainly an escape from triviality and the void, but it is also a way of life.

Unamuno ends his greatest book, "And may God deny you peace, but give you glory." I suspect that peace is death and that those who arrange their mental furniture for peace will miss it in the end—and the glory. For them Dante has reserved a depressing limbo; they are not worthy of Heaven or Hell.

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## AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GENTLEMAN: THE HONORABLE TOPHAM BEAUCLERK

In that long procession of worthies—gentlemen and footpads; booksellers and poets; clergymen and travelers, who enlivened England in the eighteenth century, there is no more fascinating figure than that of the Honorable Topham Beauclerk: fascinating because his reputation is none too good, and because he is withal a little elusive. Regarded as the most brilliant conversationalist of his time; a man with scholarly tastes who matched his mind with Johnson, with Burke, with Gibbon, with Charles Fox—four of the most thoughtful men of the century, Beauclerk was nevertheless a dissipated idler who died a melancholy wreck at forty, leaving no work behind him; and he is known to our day only by a few anecdotes in Boswell, a few letters in the *Life of Charlemont*, and scattered allusions in the diaries or correspondence of his friends.

Yet the glimpses we have of him prove him to have been a gentleman somewhat unique in the society of his age. He was the one man of his class who dilligently cultivated the friendship, and was the intimate of the intellectuals—men who were socially far beneath him. The great-grandson of a king, the grandson of a duke, bred to idleness, moving delightedly among the macaroni, gambling with Fox, the friend of that worldling Horace Walpole, and of that polite old devil, the Earl of March, Beauclerk was at the same time the crony of the virtuous Langton, the intimate of the shabby Goldsmith, and the beloved companion of Johnson. Not a single other man of his class showed so active and catholic an appreciation of the more humble in station of the Johnsonian group. Horace Walpole was never in a room with Johnson above six times in his life; Chesterfield had hardly any *personal* acquaintance with him; George Selwyn, I believe, was never in his presence; Fox, it is true, was a member of "The Club," but he was not the doctor's familiar: you will find many noble lords as dinner companions of the old

moralist, find them even calling at his house: but Beauclerk! Beauclerk routed him out at three in the morning, and junketed with him. Beauclerk seems to have known very well what was fine and real, and often and often he sought it; but the rag of flesh which he got from his great-grandfather Charles II kept him continually wandering from the green lane of virtue. Johnson, a shrewd judge of character, saw Beauclerk's natural charm and wisdom, and loved him for it in spite of the youth's tendency toward vice.

There is something very taking about so complex and contradictory a man. Little has been written of him because little is known; and it must be confessed, because he is not a person of much importance. Only the lover of Johnson is apt also to be a lover of Beauclerk, and to see in him his better part.

His very name, as often happens, is a cue to his character: it suggests, does it not, a certain proud irresponsibility combined with high breeding and distinction. Topham Beauclerk was the only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, fifth son of the first Duke of St. Albans; and this Duke of St. Albans, Charles Beauclerk, was the son of Charles II by the beautiful and fascinating actress Mistress Nelly Gwynne.

Of his father, in the days of his youth, Lady Mary Montagu gives us a highly colored picture:—"The man in England that gives the greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain, is a youth of royal blood, with all his grandmother's beauty, wit, and good qualities. In short he is Nell Gwynne in person, with the sex altered, and occasions such fracas amongst the ladies of gallantry that it passes description. You'll stare to hear of her Grace of Cleveland at the head of them." She goes on to quote some doggerel about the Duchess' infatuation, and adds, "she has turned Lady Grace and her family out of doors to make room for him, and there he lies like a gold leaf upon a pill!"

Remarked, then, even by his easy-going world, as a flirt and a fortune-hunter, Lord Sidney finally married Miss Mary Norreys of Speke Hall, Lancashire; and as what she brought him was not sufficient, he kept up his prospecting till he finally persuaded one Mr. Topham of Windsor to leave him his property.



It will be observed that the son came honestly by his somewhat lax ideas of the business of a man in the world. He got his wit from the paternal side too;—straight from Charles and Nelly; a witty pair that!—for Johnson said of his mother, "She had no notion of a joke, sir; had come late into life, and had a mighty unpliantable understanding."

To this not very well assorted couple, then, was born, in December, 1739, the son who was christened Topham in honor of the gentleman from Windsor. Of his boyhood or schooling we know nothing; and first hear of him when he entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1757.

It was here that he formed a friendship with young Bennet Langton, scion of an old Lincolnshire family. Steady, virtuous, and gentle, Langton was a world different from the cynical and ebullient Beauclerk. But the latter's keen insight into character, his fundamental appreciation of virtue draw him to Langton; while Beauclerk's love of literature, and charm of manner drew Langton to him. A friendship unbroken through years of vicissitude was cemented, and lasted till Beauclerk's death.

Mark now this logic of events. Langton as a youth read the *Rambler*; and once when in London he sought out and made acquaintance with Johnson; letters were exchanged; some years after, the essayist visiting Oxford was introduced to Beauclerk; It is only because Beauclerk knew Johnson that he got into Boswell's story, and so became one of the immortals.

For some ten years after leaving college "Beau", as the doctor affectionately called him, lived a varied life, mingling the properest interests and aspirations with the gayest and the most licentious. The friendship of the youth and the sage continued and strengthened; and one of the favorite Johnson anecdotes centers around an adventure with Beauclerk.

It was sometime in the early sixties that Lanky and Beau, sitting very late—or early—at a tavern, had the characteristically youthful idea of knocking up Johnson and getting him to join their frolic. At three in the morning they marched around to his lodgings in the Temple and made a demonstration at his door. Whereupon the doctor, clad in his shirt, with a little black wig on his head, and a poker in his hand, appeared to do

combat with the intruders. But when he found their errand: "What, is it you, you young dogs?" said he. "I'll have a frisk with you." First they went to Covent Garden, where Johnson tried to help the gardeners arrange their stuff; and then they had a bowl of a prime punch, called "Bishop", that Johnson had a feeling for; and finally, daylight coming, and Langton having an engagement, Beauclerk and Johnson agreed to keep up the frolic for the rest of the day! What a scene for Rowlandson—that bit in Covent Garden, or the three, warm and merry, round the bowl of "Bishop"!

Beauclerk was one of the original members of that most famous of all clubs, founded in February, 1764, meeting once a week at the Turk's Head Tavern; and so well known that one need not pause on it. True, he once forsook its Attic groves for the fleshpots of more fashionable societies, but was readmitted in 1768.

In 1765 he found time to accompany Johnson on a visit to Cambridge, at which place the sage enjoyed a feast of reason and a flow of tea; and though Beauclerk went for a private visit he had his part in the conversational jousts.

But frisks with Johnson in Covent Garden or Cambridge were the mildest diversions of the young man: if we read aright, he wondered during these same years rather far from a straight and narrow path along the silver Thames, or quiet Cam. Like his father, he began fortune-hunting early, and very soon after leaving college, he paid court to, and won a Miss Draycott, an heiress. That young lady's dazzlement was only temporary! her head must have set pretty even on her shoulders, for she broke the engagement within two days of the wedding.

Topham, I take it, did not resort to sack cloth; within a few months he was off for the continent on the grand tour,—France and Italy, with particular attention to Paris. Of course he did there what all the rest of his class did: met the right people, was admitted to the friendship of fashionable gentlemen and partly virtuous ladies; gambled, dallied in the salons of Gallic Hypatias. The next year, 1763, he acted as circerone to one of them,—the famous, or shall I say notorious, Mme. de Boufflers,—when she made a visit to England. "The Boufflers", as she

was known, was a type common enough to eighteenth-century France, an intellectual lady whose passions were controlled—as far as they were controlled—by reason, and not by any puritanic ideas about virtue. This particular person was at one time mistress of the Prince of Conti, and aspired, it is said, to be his lawful wife. She was a woman of wit; certainly she was received everywhere in England; and, among others, by Samuel Johnson.

To "The Bufflers", moving in fashionable circles, entertained in great houses, a call upon the seedy doctor up a pair of Temple stairs was doubtless an amusing episode, a casual, though interesting incident. But hardly any Englishman these days would ever write her name had not Johnson in an access of politeness run after her as she was leaving his lodgings and led her to her carriage, with much show of gallantry.

As I have intimated, Beauclerk was an eager gambler, an habitué of the fashionable clubs of the West End, Young White's, Brooke's, and Almack's. One of the best stories about that king of gamblers, Charles Fox, comes from Beau. Fox, by the way, was a great-great grandson of Charles II, so that he and Beau had a strain of the same blood. The story is that Fox, having one night lost a sum of almost ruinous amount, Beauclerk called on him next morning, expecting to find the impoverished gamester in the most miserable despondency. On the contrary, he found him quietly perusing Herodotus in the original Greek. The visitor expresses some surprise at finding him thus engaged. "What would you have me do", said Fox, "when I have lost my last shilling?"

There is a letter from Gilly Williams—how these eighteenth-century fellows lived up to their names!—dated at Brighton, Sept. 4, 1766, that suggests a nice bit of watering place comedy, and gives us a momentary glimpse of Mr. Beauclerk as a society man; perhaps it hints at his convivial habits:—

Madame Pitt (Miss Anne Pitt) has sprained one leg, and lies at full length on her couch. . . . She met with the accident leaning on Topham as she was stepping out of the chaise, and swears she will trust to the shoulder of no macaroni in the future.

These were bustling years for the honorable Topham; later in 1766, he again journeyed to the continent, and his doings there are suggested in another letter from the same gossip. Writing to George Selwyn under date of December, 1766, Mr. Williams casually remarks: "Topham Beauclerk is arrived. I hear he lost £10,000 to a thief at Venice, which thief, in the course of the year, I suppose, will be at Cashio-bury."

A simple enough statement; but what lies behind it? Cashiobury is a parish in Hertfordshire. It is the name of the manor of the Earl of Essex. Mr. Williams expects the thief to be there. The hinted character of the then Earl of Essex makes it a fair guess that Mr. Beauclerk had been in Italy with him and that he was more skillful with pasteboards, or more a favorite with the little gods of chance than our hero.

It is curious that, often as Beau is mentioned, there are no specific references to his minor liaisons; and I have wondered whether his reputation as a libertine rested, not, as one would expect, on a dozen affairs with likely and unlikely ladies, but on the one great scandal which his world was forced, against its easy-going will, to take notice of: and which was the culmination of the vivacious decade after he left Oxford. He was named co-respondent in the divorce proceedings of Viscount Bolingbroke against his wife, Lady Diana Spencer, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough. The divorce was granted, and two days after, March 12th, 1768, the register of St. George's, Hanover Square, shows the marriage of Topham Beauclerk and Diana Spencer.

Lady Diana appeared a spouse not unmeet for the brilliant and fashionable Beauclerk. She was one of the reigning beauties; she had a deal of artistic talent; and her wit, imagination, and high spirits made her quite able to hold her own among the court wits and professional luminaries with whom during her married life she was so much associated.

Her first unsuccessful marriage with Frederick St. John, second Viscount Bolingbroke, throws much light on her character, and the manners of the time. They lived together about ten

years and, reading the story of their unhappiness in scattered sentences in the letters of mutual friends, one finds one's sympathy altogether with the lady.

Marriage vows sat very lightly upon "Bully". Two or three bits from contemporary letters will show his character:—On March 25, 1763, the spicy Horace writes that Lady Bolingbroke "has been sitting to Reynolds, who by her husband's directions has made a speaking picture. Lord Bolingbroke said to him, 'You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien, or it will not do.' As he has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's—and my Lady will not throw away the present."

"Nelly", need I inform the reader, was a fashionable light o'love—Johnson once used a more Anglo-Saxon word with regard to Lady Diana herself—who, as the biographer of Reynolds briefly puts it, was "a *chère amie* of Lord Bolingbroke as well as everybody else." Her portrait by Sir Joshua is one of the gems of the Wallace collection—that demure maiden in the chip hat and fine shawl, with a poodle on her lap, looking as virtuous as a milkmaid in a pastoral.

Bully had other "lady friends" beside Mistress Nelly. In 1766 the Earl of March writes to Selwyn: "The town is very empty yet. Bully is not in spirits with the world and continues at Newmarket with his girl, though he is as much tired of her as of anything else."

These gamesome excursions on the part of the husband, and the wife's consequent taking her own way, brought the rent which nobody was able to patch up. On Monday (March, 1768) Gilly Williams writes to Selwyn: "Lady D. Spencer was married at St. George's on Saturday morning. Her brother Charles gave her away; the Duke not present. They are in town at Topham's house and give dinners. . . .

"Bully and Jones are parted: she is gone to Mr. Dillon. What a turbulent life does that wicked boy lead with rogues and profligates of all descriptions!"

A turbulent, ranging life indeed! Diana Spencer was a woman of too much spirit to sit by quietly while the squire of her body made himself common with the women of the



town, especially as the fascinating Beauclerk was at hand to afford consolation.

In the main the viscount's friends sympathized with the husband: the eighteenth-century male felt that he had a right to his mistresses, and is a little hurt and surprised that anyone, especially his wife, should object to it. Still, the Beauclerks did not begin the world badly. Her family had acquiesced in the match, and though society had to be a little careful of its immaculate skirts, the young couple had many friends. Financially Topham seems to have been fairly placed. From his mother, who died in 1766, he had inherited a house at Windsor, some money, and in Gilly Williams's neat phrase, "considerable moveables".

The houses which the Beauclerks inhabited can be indicated with reasonable certainty. Mrs. Steuart Erskine in her excellent book *Lady Diana Beauclerk* says that in 1766 Beauclerk had rented a house at Cookham Ferry, a charming village on the Thames near Windsor. But it is not likely that he took his bride there; else Williams could hardly have written a day or two after the marriage, "They are in town in Topham's house, and give dinners." This was, perhaps, a house in Charles street, Berkeley Square. Later they occupied a villa at Twickenham, known as Little Marble Hill. In 1773 they purchased a house in the newly built Adelphi Terrace; and about the same time they got a summer residence at Muswell Hill. This house was at Highgate at the edge of the country. Boswell tells us that there were green-houses, an observatory, a laboratory for chemical experiments, in short, everything princely. In 1779 they acquired another town house in Great Russel Street where, later, Beauclerk died.

The place of all these which seems to fit them best is the "box" at the Adelphi, that splendid edifice that had just been built by the brothers Adam on the Thames bank. It was, as Thomas Malton the younger, wrote, "happily situated in the heart of the metropolis, upon a bend of the river which presents to the right and left every eminent object which characterizes and adorns the cities of London and Westminster, while its elevation lifts the eye above the wharf and warehouses on the

opposite side of the river and charms it with a prospect of the adjacent country."

Such a building would, of course, be the fashionable new habitation; and that the Garricks had a home there gives it added importance to the literary; for this place was the scene of the more famous of the recorded Garrick and Beauclerk dinners.

Conceive, now, two of the most popular young people in the wide London world; clever beyond the ordinary, spirited and social in disposition, interested in art and literature, and having friends in all ranks of society. Conceive them entertaining generously and often; remember that the Beauclerk door swung to such folk as Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Palmerston, Lord Pembroke, the Earl of March, Lord Errol, Lord Charlemont, Horace Walpole, Charles Fox, and Edward Gibbon; and remember, what is vastly more important, that it swung quite as often to David Garrick and his charming wife, to Burke, to Goldsmith, to the Dean of Derry, to Reynolds, and to Samuel Johnson.

Many of Boswell's most pungent anecdotes have for their setting the Beauclerk dining- or drawing-room. Everybody remembers how Lady Di made a wager with the young Scotchman that he did not dare ask Johnson what he (the doctor) did with the bits of orange peel he so carefully kept; how, of course, Boswell did dare; and won the bet without finding out about the orange peel.

Another nice little scene in the Boswellian drama is the dinner after which Boswell remained talking to the charming Lady Di while the men went off to ballot on him for the Club. "Beauclerk was very zealous for me", he says; and we can thank heaven he was elected. Poor old James Boswell, long the butt of a generation at the heels of Macaulay! how many of these men who balloted on him are known only because they are characters in his eighteenth-century play?

We do not prove Beauclerk's intellectual interests merely by showing that he invited intelligent people to dinner; in some measure his pursuits were scholarly. He interested himself in floriculture, in astronomy, in all natural philosophy. He had a taste for rare books; he collected one of the largest and most splendid private libraries in England, which he finally housed in a

special building in Great Russel Street that, in Walpole's words, "quite put the Museum's nose out of joint." It must be admitted, however, that all these interests seem to have ended in little more than the doings of a dilettante. Malone says that even his rare editions were carelessly kept.

Like others of their kind, the Beauclerks spent much time at those fashionable spas, Bath and Brighton, drawn, doubtless, more than often, by Beau's search for health. After the first flush of his romantic marriage did he become like most men of his set, and did he live up to his own naughty reputation by scarcely concealed liaisons? I very much doubt it. Such morsels of gossip would have been too piquant to have escaped being chronicled by the curious Mr. Walpole.

There were three children by the marriage: a son, Charles George; and two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. The elder married her cousin, Lord Herbert, afterward Earl of Pembroke; Mary married Count Jenison, son of an Englishman settled at Heidelberg. Doubtless Lady Di was to a proper extent occupied with her children: but she very soon began to have an avocation quite her own: she had a facile pencil and a delicate sense of decoration; and painting and drawing play a larger and larger part in her life. She did portraits of her friends; she made drawings for Walpole's tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, which that gentleman bubbled over in praise of, and which were such golden apples to his eye that he built a special room for their hanging.

A full and varied life it was, on the surface at least; but in this pattern so full of color there are darker threads that increase in number year by year. Beauclerk must have burned his candle at both ends; in all this time, too, he was fighting off disease. In the very nick of their beginning Gilly Williams, announcing the marriage, had written, "Report says, that neither of them will live a twelfth-month; and if it is so short, their life ought to be a merry one."

In the correspondence of his friends we come continually upon references to Beau's illness. Johnson, who loved him enough to be jealous for his health, is sure to note it. We hear of a violent illness in the spring of 1774. The next year "poor Beauclerk is so ill that his life is thought to be in danger. *Lady Di* nurse

him with very great assiduity." The italics are mine to emphasize my respect for Lady Diana. If she had made a mistake she stood up to face it with the silence and fortitude of a fine woman.

After months of illness he partially recovered; but is seriously sick again in 1777. And so it continued till the end; Beau constantly seeking for health, and as constantly wasting what he had. A passage from one of Malone's letters to Lord Charlemont lets in a searchlight upon his diversions and his character. The letter is dated April 5, 1779. Malone, as an agent of Charlemont, was haunting auctions for the purchase of rare books. He notes: "Your friend Mr. Beauclerk is a most formidable antagonist—and stands much in my way and yours also—in the purchase of old trumpery. He sends his servant by six or seven in the morning to the booksellers the day their sales commence—and runs away with everything rare—this is not, I imagine, the least inconvenience either to him or his *valet de chambre*, for I believe that is his usual time of coming home and going to bed—so that his servant has no other trouble except lying down an hour later than ordinary."

If this is true, no wonder that by 1779 he had become so much of a tyrannous invalid that he made life miserable for all around him. His gaiety was clouded, his ebullient temper hardened. Lady Louisa Stuart, who knew the family, says that he was morose and savage; that Lady Di had much to suffer from his temper, and that he was a selfish tyrant to his children "without indulgence or affection." And he was a user of drugs! In 1779 Walpole writes, "Lord Bolingbroke, I hear, will live. At first they thought he had taken laudanum. It would have been a monstrous injustice in opium to kill him, when it will not despatch Beauclerk." A casual remark of Burke to Fanny Burney after Beau's death gives evidence in corroboration of Lady Louisa: Burke described the "misery he gave his wife, his singular ill treatment of her, and the necessary relief the death of such a man must give."

Your moralist would pause here to observe that Lady Di was reaping as she had sown. Perhaps. One is inclined rather to pity them both; Lady Diana, who had risked so much on a chance throw for happiness; her brilliant husband whose talents

seemed to point to the probability of illustrious work. But her cast for happiness ends in misery, and the buoyant young man—barely forty—becomes the melancholy hypochondriac.

The very latest diarist, the artist Farington, adds one bit of information about the "Beau" of these late years. We are told that in his person he was "filthy". If this hardly squares with our idea of him as a man of fashion, it only shows that one must beware of looking too curiously at some of the heroes of that era. He died at his home in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, on March 11, 1780; and he was little lamented. To such favor even the children of the gods sometimes come!

Yet this was the man of whom solemn Sir John Hawkins wrote, "Over all his behavior there beamed such a sunshine of cheerfulness and good humor as communicated itself to all around him."

And perhaps after all it is the engaging rather than the morose Beauclerk that should live in the mind of the present-day reader. In Boswell it is as a wit and a conversationalist that we know him. Most of those who have pronounced on his wit have noted that the examples preserved in Boswell do not strike one either by their richness or variety. The time, the place, the manner of the speaker were what gave them scintillation and point. His wit was spontaneous and mordant; like Beatrice, he spoke poniards. Johnson, keen on seizing a weakness, said to him: "You never open your mouth but with the intention to give pain." A hard saying, yet what has been preserved shows its truth.

On Boswell's telling Beau of Tom Davies, the bookseller, clapping a friend on the back, Beau replied that he could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies.

But his most characteristic and cynical speech was his remark to Langton, "who, after having been for the first time in company with a well-known wit about town, was warmly admiring him and praising him, 'See him again', said Beauclerk."

The fluency, the brilliance of his table-talk is another thing that we must take on trust, building upon such passages as the following: "Mr. Beauclerk was very entertaining this day, and told us a number of short stories in a lively elegant manner,



and with that air of *the world* which has I know not what impressive effect, as if there were something more than is expressed, or than perhaps we could perfectly understand."

In person—in his youth at least—he was described as slim and genteel; and judging from the print by Harding and the pastel by Cotes, he had a feminine delicacy of feature. He was said, in truth, to resemble his great grandfather Charles II in appearance as well as in morals. Mrs. Thrale, who calls him "that horrid Beauclerk," says that he was a man of the strictest veracity.

Rogers tells a story of his absent-mindedness. "He once went to dress for a dinner party at his own house. He forgot all about his guests; thought it was bedtime, and got into bed. His servant, coming to tell him that his guests were waiting for him, found him fast asleep."

It is unfortunate that we must nearly always view him through other eyes; most folk, like Fanny Burney (who called him "the celebrated wit and libertine") merely repeated the common phrases about him without having any real evidence themselves. Yet in the Charlemont letters there are half a dozen which allow us to see the man at first hand; and I think no one can read them without feeling the truth of the first part of Johnson's saying, "Thy mind is all virtue, thy body all vice."

"If life is good for anything, it is only made so by the society of those whom we love," is a sentence from one of these letters. In 1774 he writes: "Why should you be vexed to find mankind are fools and knaves? I have known it so long that every fresh instance of it amuses me, providing it does not immediately affect my friends or myself. Politicians do not seem to me to be much greater rogues than other people; and as their actions affect, in general, private persons less than other kinds of villainy do, I cannot find that I am so angry with them. It is true that the leading men, in both countries, at present, are, I believe, the most corrupt, abandoned people in the nation;—but now that I am upon this worthy subject of Human nature, I will inform you of a few particulars relating to the discovery of Otaheite, which Dr. Hawkesworth said, placed the King above all the conquerors of the world; and if the glory is to be esti-

mated by the mischief, I do not know whether he is not right." He then proceeds to give a somewhat scornful account of the murderous methods that stained the conduct of Great Britain in the early days of her empire building.

A man who in 1774 found the governing class in England hypocritical, selfish and without ideals does not strike us as very far wrong; and certainly sets himself apart from that class by his own recognition of its faults.

In the end, if we are to get the true sum of a man's character, we must place by his own work the opinions of his friends. That fine, scholarly, Irish patriot Charlemont, and the solid old moralist Johnson were not men to place their affections on a statue all of clay. Beauclerk was loved by both.

Charlemont's estimate of Beauclerk is pertinent and valuable. As given in the words of Hardy, his Lordship's biographer, it forms an admirable summary of Beau's faults and virtues: "he possessed an exquisite taste, various accomplishments, and the most perfect good breeding. He was eccentric, often querulous, entertaining a contempt for the generality of the world, which the politeness of his manners could not always conceal; but to those whom he liked most, generous and friendly. Devoted at one time to pleasure, at another to literature, sometimes absorbed in play, sometimes in books, he was, altogether, one of the most accomplished, and when in good humor, and surrounded by those who suited his fancy, one of the most agreeable men that could possibly exist."

With Johnson, as I have shown, Beauclerk's relations were of the most intimate. After a quarrel with the doctor—and with whom did not Johnson quarrel?—in which the latter complained of the young man's contemptuous treatment, "Sir", said Beauclerk with a polite inclination of the head, "You have known me twenty years, and however I have treated others you may be sure I could never treat you with contempt."

Once when Topham was very ill Johnson said to Boswell, his voice faltering with emotion, "Sir, I would walk to the extent of the diameter of the earth to save Beauclerk."

And how can one better end a sketch of this youth's life, than with the words of the man to whose fame, whatever fame Beau-

clerk has, is due! "Poor dear Beauclerk—*nec, ut soles dabis joca*. His wit and his folly, his acuteness and maliciousness, his merriment and reasoning, are now over. Such another will not often be found among mankind. He directed himself to be buried by the side of his mother, an instance of tenderness which I hardly expected."

The fate of Beauclerk dead is in keeping with the faint mark he made upon the history of his own time. The old manor church on the green hill at Garston, Lancashire, has been pulled down and replaced by a modern one: the tombstones of the Norreys family are fallen and scattered; and, if he was interred there, the grave of Topham Beauclerk is unknown; for even the burial records of the eighteenth century have been lost.

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## STRADDLING THE RUBICON

You have to respect a man who never foolishly supposes that perfect justice resides with any faction, or that any policy comprises all the wisdom, or that in any altercation all the facts count for one side. Such a man distrusts closed systems, and feels a zest in puncturing dogmatic bubbles. And yet he is never scornful. For the contemptuous man, he has, in his best moments, no contempt. He delights to dwell upon the heritage humanity holds in common. Such a man is truly philosophical, such a man is great, if he doesn't have one cancelling defect. That defect, often present in such men, is the lack of power to arrive at tentative convictions, to commit oneself by actions. The liberal, so confused, I call a straddler of the Rubicon.

Of course the temperament of some of us makes it all but inevitable that we should be straddlers from the beginning. From the time that we become aware of ourselves we find ourselves acting on received opinion, and yet covertly fondling an opposite belief. We like to read of adventure, and long for a chance to test our stuff, but when a practical crisis appears we automatically straddle to safety.

But the leaders in standing still are idealists, early in their careers enthusiasts; and when they first find themselves upon the Rubicon bank they give a sprightly leap and are across. They promptly find they are in a quicksand of disfavor; and when they feel the mire of frustration closing on one ankle they nimbly fling the other leg with all their might back to the hither shore. They would scorn to remain straddling. Pulling out the covered foot, they try on every side for firmer footing. Repeated trials give them worldly wisdom. They are too noble to draw back. Yet how can they be sure that a second stride would bring them to tenable standing ground? They remain colossi of implicit cynicism, straddlers of the Rubicon.

They are not to be confused with Hamlets. Hamlet was not a man of action, but he was a man of a few deep and sure con-

victions. When he leaped he would go on. To others also the Rubicon bank must frequently be a place of hesitating. The river must even sometimes be recrossed. For the apparent Rome is surely sometimes a mirage. And when it turns out to be, neither the crossing, nor the crossing back resembles the static balance of the straddler.

Moreover, the Rubicon isn't very often found where it is marked on the map. It doesn't run between such well-mapped areas as optimism and pessimism, despotism and democracy, capitalism and communism, science and the humanities, or feminism and the inviolate home. It is probably never found flowing between classicism and romanticism, pure orthodoxy and agnosticism, rigid discipline and unlimited spontaneity, or absolute renunciation and complete self-expression.

The Rubicon flows between concrete actions. It runs across abstract boundary lines. In fact, we generally suppose, when we get to it, that the stream we see is just an unimportant tributary. We are always looking forward to a mighty torrent across which we can heroically swim, while spectators applaud.

But the real Rubicon—and there are any number of real Rubicons for everyone of us—is rarely in the same place for any two of us.

And wherever it is, there are always plenty of praiseworthy reasons for our straddling. The straddler surrenders now for the sake of accomplishing a noble ideal in the future. If he is self-conscious he will unwittingly expose himself by informing you that he believes in working from within. He never suspects that instead of being leaven, as the brave man on the inside always is, he is the seed from which the embryo has been squeezed out. He is sanctioning things as they are in order to improve them. He is conciliating the hosts of evil in order that they, too, may come to fight on the Lord's side.

Straddlers are always talking of 'the golden mean'. They seem to signify the mean between eating your cake and having it, between burning your bridges behind you and keeping a sure way of retreat, between serving God and serving Mammon. (That being both golden and mean). Sometimes it is the golden



mean between avarice and generosity, between duplicity and integrity, between ugliness and beauty. Straddlers don't go to extremes. They are commendably conscious of the complexity of life; and so they do their best to simplify it. Having one foot on each side of the Rubicon they gradually come to feel that no choice is required in life. The creative purpose of the universe is, they get to think, slowly drying up the dividing stream.

And their endeavor—to be *and* not to be—at last ceases to perplex. The straddling human statues pass to give place to more of their own kind. Their monumental lives have not been useless, though, if they have irritated young minds into daring thought, and displayed the inanity of all ideas that aren't more practical than safety and more interesting than profit.

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## SCIENCE AND RELIGION\*

Dr. Andrew D. White's *History of the Warfare between Science and Theology* was intended to show that the only real conflict has been between Science and Theology and not between Science and Religion, as Dr. Draper had phrased it; and yet the latter phrase is more and more coming back into use again, for the reason that to-day it is not merely Biblical statements on matters astronomical, geological, etc., that are being challenged but the fundamental principles of a spiritual interpretation of the universe and of life.

Hence it is that Dr. Poteat, in *Can a Man be a Christian To-day?* finds it necessary not only to get rid of such "baggage", *impedimenta*, as verbal inspiration and literal, fundamentalist interpretation of the scriptures, but also to contend for religion as something other than "a collection of scruples which impede the true exercise of our faculties" and to defend faith as "the deep-lying capacity to apprehend the eternal world and respond to its appeal," and as "concerned with the essence of Christian experience;" something "immediate, intuitive and non-rational."

The treatment is slight and rather hortatory but indicative of reserved power and probably best adapted to its immediate purpose: lectures delivered to young people brought up in a fundamentalist atmosphere.

The conclusion reached is that "Science and Religion are friends who have been fighting each other in the dark."

The important suggestion is thrown out that "the universe is a continuum, . . . passing as one essence through all space. . . . Coral islands join hands under the sea," though it is only a suggestion.

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\**Can a Man be a Christian To-day?* The John Calvin McNair Lectures, 1925. By William Louis Poteat, L.L.D., President of Wake Forest College. University of North Carolina Press. Pp. 110.

*The Sins of Science.* By Scudder Klyce. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1925. Pp. 432.

*Science, Religion and Reality.* Edited by Joseph Needham. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. Pp. 396.

It is this conception of a *continuum* that is worked out by Mr. Scudder Klyce, a retired naval officer, in his *Sins of Science*; a simplified and abbreviated edition of an earlier and little known book, *The Universe*, which had the warmest commendation from Professors Dewey and Jordan and Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, an engineer interested in industrial questions. Mr. Klyce has written one of the most worthwhile books of the day and one which no thinker and no one who wants to learn how to think straight and think through can afford to neglect. Unfortunately, its practical value is marred by what will be regarded as egotistic and extravagant claims, by a failure to see one essential aspect of his subject and by an exhibition of controversial manners which are hardly those of the drawing-room.

The author's (qualitative) solution of the problem of the universe is the formula: "The Related Many Equal to the One;" which, also, he claims, is the instinctive reaction of the unsophisticated man of common-sense to the world in which he finds himself. Mr. Klyce's purpose, in which he is deeply earnest and sincere, is to combat scientific materialism, to expose the practically agnostic position of theologians as dealers in "mysteries", to get us all back to faith in God as well as in true science, through a true epistemology, and to give us "success and happiness" in a well-balanced life of service to our fellow-men.

The trouble with science, not as it might be but as it practically is, he finds to be in the claim of "exactness"; dividing up the universe into separated and really unrelated parts with unfilled space in between. This is implicit denial of true cause and effect and ultimately a denial of God. The attack is made, however, in the name of science itself, on behalf of a true scientific method. Present-day science he finds to be full of contradictions and absurdities; as when Bertrand Russell makes an electron jump across space in absolutely no time. All these blunders, however, including Einstein's curved space, are shown to be logical deductions from a false conception of matter.

Like Professor Dewey (*Introduction to the Universe*), this writer finds himself not competent to pass on the merits of the more technical parts of Mr. Klyce's work, though sympathetic; but

also like Professor Dewey he would give his unqualified endorsement to the value of the author's analysis of language. One is reminded of Bacon's: "words are the counters of wise men and the money of fools;" and of his "idols of the mind."

There are three sorts of words, corresponding to the three ways of seeing things: "One" words, such as whole, universe, infinity, God (the Father); "Many" words, such as this, that, atom, electron, part, God (the Son); and "Relationship" words, like force, fatherhood, personal, redness, truth, science, God (the Holy Ghost).

Now "The Related Many equal to the One;" but science practically denies Relationship, despite indignant denials on the part of most scientists, besides "making measured matter their God;" and the narrow theologian holds to the truth that is in "One" words, while overlooking what is contained in "Many" and in "Relation" words.

Fallacies result from using these three sorts of words promiscuously in different senses, even one word in three different ways; and these fallacies are something worse than wrong intellectual processes; they involve wrong relations to the universe in which we live and to life itself.

With this is connected the description of truth as "primarily a self-consistency, or relationship, or final unified identity, of things as the One; then, further, that that relationship does exist between the Many parts which the word truth implies but does not state;" and also the new epistemology that "knowledge itself is what is observed, experienced, lived"—not hypothesis. "Evolution", accordingly, "names that ultimate identity of God and man—and also of mud, stars, and everything else." "The sins of science" are the mistakes of the perverse specialist in all departments of thought, brought up to date.

For the position that "there is no conflict between science and religion," Mr. Klyce has only bitter scorn; and for the reason that it leaves us with two standard and unrelated universes. It is incomplete analysis which leads to no higher synthesis.

The main defect of the book, which the author has generously and in a truth-loving spirit permitted to be stated here as con-

ceded by him (in a private letter) is that it does not sufficiently allow for the fact that the Oneness of things (including ourselves) is not merely something static, but is something to be worked out; constituting the real problem of life in order that man may attain peace with the universe, with his fellow-men and with himself. To this neglect must be attributed Mr. Klyce's failure to do justice to the historic Christ, to the Christian church, and even to history itself.

"The concrete unity of the universe," writes Professor Aliotta, in his contribution to *Science, Religion and Reality*, "is not a static unity . . . but a unity which is realized progressively. . . ." It is not a gift from the beginning but a laborious conquest which is achieved little by little through the evolution of organisms and of human societies;" and "we co-operate with God for the redemption of the world."

Balfour, in his Introduction, thinks that "we have no choice but to acquiesce provisionally in some sort of unresolved dualism;" and Professor Malinowski shows (*Magic, Science and Religion*) that "in every primitive community . . . there have been found two clearly distinguishable domains, the Sacred and Profane; in other words, the domain of Magic and of Religion and that of Science."

"Historical Relations of Religion and Science," by Professor Singer, and "Science and Religion in the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Aliotta, but bring this distinction down to the present era; while the four papers: "The Domain of Physical Science," "Mechanistic Biology and the Religious Consciousness," "The Sphere of Religion," and "Religion and Psychology," analyze the two domains.

The concluding paper, that by Professor Webb, on "Science, Christianity and Modern Civilization," discusses religion as it has come down to us in historical Christianity—something which most writers on Religion and Christianity dodge—and contributes a valuable discussion of "the relation of abstract or universal significance to concrete or historical fact;" at once the weakness and the strength of Christianity.

Dean Inge writes a review of the papers as a whole, from his own standpoint. The outstanding fact of these eight essays, notwith-



standing differences here and there, is the progress that science has made away from any mere mechanistic theory of the universe.

The so-called "Gloomy Dean" is here shown at his best, from several different angles. Like the much-misunderstood Jeremiah of old, he simply refuses to deceive himself or to live in any "fool's paradise". With Mr. Klyce, he refuses to be satisfied with any reconciliation of religion and science "through delimitation of territory;" and he warns churchmen of that school that "there is a very serious conflict," though "the challenge was presented not in the age of Darwin but in the age of Copernicus and Galileo."

He means that we have never adjusted ourselves to the new astronomy. "The mystics have been allowed to hold a more spiritual philosophy. . . . But most certainly heaven and hell were geographical expressions." Hence: "All theological doctrines which rest upon the geocentric theory of the universe must be recast."

In his forecast of the future, the Dean renders a valuable service by adding to his well-directed attack on the fatuous doctrine of "autocratic progress" an expression of his faith that Christianity will "weather the storm." That service would have been still greater if he had shown that the religion of the New Testament is not tied up with any "geocentric theory of the universe." Not to speak of Christ's conception of the Kingdom of God as spiritual, even St. Paul could think of the Ascension of Christ as having been "above all things" in order that "he might fill all things" and might "dwell in our hearts by faith."

A curious feature of this book is that while various topics are treated from the philosophical point of view, there is no separate treatment of philosophy itself; and its rather academic atmosphere would have been much improved by some discussion of Religion and Ethics.

Nevertheless, the book is an invaluable possession for any thinking man's library and is, in fact, a small library in itself.

C. B. WILMER.

Sewanee, Tennessee.

## BOOK REVIEWS

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. *The Critical View of Life.* By Warner Fite. New York: The Dial Press. 1925. Pp. ix, 320.

Professor Fite of Princeton, teacher of philosophy and ethics for thirty years, convincingly states that he gets from music his religion or sense of the divine, or his grasp of the unity or self-consistent meaning of the universe; and that therefore he undertakes to express himself in words that have the harmony of a symphony, rather than in words that have anything resembling logic.

So, naturally, he produces an urbane, sophisticated, verbally ingratiating book, which, like a symphonic poem, may be interpreted to mean almost anything that suits the reader's mood—it most pleasurably exalting that mood. I have read a number of reviews of Fite's book by his colleagues; and I should scarcely have recognized that they were talking of the same book, except that the title each time was the same.

As its method is thus frankly impressionistic—or, in non-musical terms, is mystic, or lacks any definite verbal logic,—the only way in which anyone may rightly summarize and appraise the book is to give his personal estimate of its chief emotional emphases.

Fite's surest trend is his rejection of current fundamental science or materialism, especially orthodox mathematics or logic. Then, as we have just seen, his emotional procedure is to drop logic or method, and substitute music. His objection to current science and logic is valid, and is most agreeably established. But music or mysticism has a sound and quite definite method or logic of its own, which is not the correct method of language; and Fite neither recognizes that, nor manages to hit upon the mystic logic. He simply, as a general rule, flouts and drops method. And that is wrong and disagreeable. The sound and moral cure for wrong method is to establish a right method—not to drop method.

His ethical emphasis is to the effect that ignorance is the only sin. He expresses it in positive form, that the moral life is the "critical" or "self-conscious life," the life known and

guided by experience, verifiable observation: "to be moral is to know what you are doing."

That, of course, is joyfully right—amounts to making the moral man the religious man. For no sane man knowingly would essentially damage either himself, or his environment (including his fellow-men); because he knows that such damage hurts or narrows his life either directly or indirectly by reaction of that environment—and such universal love or absolute knowledge is religion. But Fite doesn't give that simple common sense. He can't definitely find the fallacy in orthodox deterministic science or materialism, which makes it immoral, and which we shall now see.

An authoritative sociologist, following James and other orthodox scientists, recently stated without evasion the usual scientific repudiation of morality: "There is not the slightest iota of choice [free will, or morality] allowed to any individual in any act or thought from birth to the grave." In that very statement the existence of the individual is accepted as an observed or scientific fact: it is accepted that the individual is a finite part of the universe. Therefore, as a mere restatement of that fact, the individual has some finite part of his own (one he 'chooses'—to use ordinary terms), in the total action of the universe. So, obviously, when science asserts determinism of the individual, it fallaciously or contrary to its own stated observation asserts that the individual is absolutely zero, or is 'observably' non-existent, and hence affects no act in the action-reaction of the universe or whole. And that fallacy or self-contradiction obviously exists, regardless of how science may define 'individual', *provided* it honestly sticks to its definition.

But in that matter of the will or morality, Fite can't see that science thus in one breath says it observes something, and in the next denies that observed fact. So he emotionally rejects both views of science, one of which must be right; and self-contradictorily flies to the absolute absurdity of holding individually infinite free will, by asserting the morality or truth of individualism, or aristocracy, or Nietzscheism, in which each finite person is as such absolute or infinite or perfect, or his own private God, by being wholly separate or 'free' from all

other such finite infinite Gods. That plainly is merely another atomism, precisely like the self-contradictory materialism of orthodox science, but expressed in nominally 'human' terms: each atom or God is merely named an 'individual', instead of being named an ordinary scientific perfect or exact 'mass' or 'body'.

Thus he reinstates essentially the same scientific materialism he rejected, and finishes with the same sort of scientific atomism or 'exactness' or polytheism, or pagan lack of real religion. All he fundamentally does is to change the names of the gods. He *says* he rejects all "right, duty, law, standard, principle" (p. 5, *passim*)—rejects any self-consistent or organic whole or One living God. But, actually, he is without method, and verbally confused; consequently, most of the time he ignores his scholarly befuddlement and intuitively writes sound and beautiful wisdom that makes individuals inseparable or organic parts of the whole or living One.

The natural result of that failure of his scholarly sophistication and culture is admittedly the same old scientific scepticism and cynicism, even in morals and religion (222 f.). That moral agnosticism is an amazing self-contradiction (faith that is not faith or sure 'critical' knowledge, but is doubt and scoffing); and the taint of that bitterness of failure runs as a refrain through the book.

The same painful bitterness is producing present-day social restlessness, spiritual striving, and rejection of scientific unmoral materialism. Professor Fite, like Moses, gloriously leads us far out of the Egyptian darkness of scientific error and paganism; but, like Moses, he personally fails to reach the promised land. He leaves us in a fearful, but delightfully symphonic, philosophical wilderness of words, words, words.

S. KLYCE

Winchester, Massachusetts.

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THE PHANTOM PUBLIC. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1925. Pp. 205.

Of all that Walter Lippmann has written thus far, most brilliant is his article "Concerning Senator Borah", which appeared in *Foreign Affairs* for January, 1926. As is true in not a

few cases what an author says about his favorite here is strangely applicable to himself, so in Walter Lippmann's delineation of Senator Borah much is found that could without any serious deviation from essential truth be made the basis of a sketch of Walter Lippmann. Thus, "In America to-day anyone who is out of sorts with anything thinks first of Mr. Borah. That is why he has grown great on opposition rather than weak by his chronic objecting." Or, again, "He exercises the power of protest and of veto. It is a power exactly suited to his temperament. For Senator Borah has little interest in what is usually called constructive statesmanship." What Walter Lippmann writes is without exception mentally invigorating. It does for the mind what setting up exercises do for the body. It leaves the reader more fit for his work and prevents him from sagging into premature decrepitude.

Of public opinion Walter Lippmann has written before. This volume adds no new substance to his conception of the nature of public opinion although terms and statements useful in the clarification of the original idea are not lacking.

That an informed and intelligent public opinion was impossible the author had concluded in his earlier volume. Further stress is now placed on that conclusion. Government by public opinion in accordance with the principle of a sovereign citizenry is a legal fiction and an unworkable theory. That even the public has been disillusioned is evidenced by the increasing abstinence from voting. When the citizen realizes that his is an "impossible task" and an "unattainable ideal", he gives up. As the author views the situation, he discovers no institution, no code, no process, no doctrine, no reform that gives any promise of evolving a citizen capable of performing his sovereign duties. His solution, consequently, is to reduce the duties, even radically to reduce them, so as to bring them within the realm of possible performance. "The more clearly it is understood what the public can do and what it cannot, the more efficiently it will do what lies within its power to do well and the less it will interfere with the liberties of men."

That a part of the solution must come in this simplification of the task of the voter is obvious. It is not so certain that some-



thing may not also be achieved on the side of the preparation of the voter through education that is something more than parrot food and through intelligible information that is less than 100 per cent propaganda.

The public is a mere phantom, according to Walter Lippman. "It does not elect the candidate, write the platform, outline the policy, any more than it builds the automobile or acts the play. It aligns itself for or against somebody who has offered himself, has made a promise, has produced a play, is selling an automobile. It acts only in a crisis and only until the crest of the crisis is passed. The officers of the government are elected to handle the problems and perform the work. Only when the officials fail does the public take a part. Acts of government are not a translation of public opinion." And, in accordance with Mr. Lippmann's definition of public opinion, they are not even the final step in the process of formulating public opinion. The divergence from the author's conclusion on this point may well take the form of a question: Under reasonably adequate provisions for representation are not the acts of the government, agreed to by the authorized spokesmen of all the various groups of interests, a close approach to a reflection of public opinion?

Public opinion is by its very nature limited to general policies, far-reaching guiding principles and standards. The technique of administration, the supplementary details, the methods of execution are beyond the pale of public opinion. Possibly this is the line of distinction and demarcation which Mr. Lippmann has in mind when in the language of innovation he says, "The ideal of public opinion is to align men during the crisis of a problem in such a way as to favor the action of those individuals who may be able to compose the crisis. The power to discern those individuals is the end of the effort to educate public opinion." "Crisis" then would mean, as it well might mean, any occasion for which the policies already expressed were inadequate and for which the formulation of new policies was necessary. In his final summary of what is and what is not for the public to decide, the author approximates this view.

How shall the public be aided in their attempt to judge of reformers and reforms? Public debates are recommended as

useful not especially to enable the voter to reach a decision on the merits of the question but primarily to reveal the identity and interests of the leaders in the controversy. Tests are suggested for the evaluation of any proposed reform: "Does it provide for its own clarification? for its own amendment by consent? for due notice that amendments will be proposed?" Mr. Lippmann makes clear that only through elaborate research can adequate aids and tests for the voter be evolved.

Quite apart from what Walter Lippmann may have intended that I should gain from his volume, the essence of what I have derived may be summarized thus:—

(1) Let the rôle of the public as such be confined to the major questions of far-reaching policies, and the election of the officers who will give final expression to these policies.

(2) Let a scientific and serious attempt be made to explain to the voter how each general policy affects his interests, his daily affairs, his actions, in order to eliminate the deadly externality and remoteness of public opinion.

(3) Let the legislative chambers be made so adequately representative as to contain authorized spokesmen of every shade of opinion supported by any considerable number of voters.

(4) Let the wheels of research grind out ever more certain tests which the voter can apply to distinguish between one candidate and another, one proposal and another.

(5) Let the rôle of the public be considered as a major point where the powers of government in this complex age are distributed and re-distributed among the local, regional, state, central, continental, and world agencies.

As a fitting close, a final word from Mr. Lippmann must be included with which the reader will find himself in disagreement, but in which he will discover a little of that leaven of thinking which the author always distributes when he offers anything to the book-consumers.

"To support the Ins when things are going well, to support the Outs where they seem to be going badly, this, in spite of all that has been said about tweedledum and tweedledee, is the essence of popular government."

ARNOLD J. LIEN.

Washington University.

THE TRAGEDY OF WASTE. By Stuart Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. Pp. 296.

The book is symptomatic of our newer orientation toward the present-day acquisitive social order under which welfare is incidental to the processes of profit-taking. Two decades ago the liberals awoke us with the cry of the children wasting in the mines and factories, and with the shame of our cities; to-day liberal criticism is directed at the citadel of the profit system itself. Dispassionately, humorously, keenly, drafting engineers and economists to testify in the open, Mr. Chase proves tellingly that our "peace" production, with business as usual, wastes half of the man-power and half of the raw materials through the channels of idleness, filth, and bad technical methods. He is no moralist, no social oracle of revolution, he would not even abolish our individual and national foibles or vices. His standard for measuring waste is a functional conception of industry, —one organized definitely and relentlessly for the provisioning of social wants with the least possible waste. None but the thoughtless will argue that private initiative is in danger if by national planning and coördination we learn to produce enough of food, clothing, shelter and comforts, and so abolish all preventable wastes and economic insecurity.

A book so challenging naturally opens the door to objections from specialists. Advertising firms could easily show that the author confuses the question of good and evil with advertising as a marketing process, that advertising is a cheaper way of distribution than selling through agents and salesmen. Others would take objection to the author's estimates and guesses. Still the objections would fall short as vital criticism, for nowhere does the author masquerade under false colors; his estimates and conjectures are plainly labelled. But what is concrete, vivid, challenging, is that under some sort of human engineering and coördinated social control, immense savings in man-power and materials might be made, industrial conflicts almost eliminated, and social well-being materially enhanced.

E. M. K.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER. By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. Pp. 352.

A strange emotion of discouragement haunts me as I behold closed again the covers of this fascinating tome. The genuine humility and modesty which distinguish these confessions stir in me a love for Frederic C. Howe which was in the past not more than admiration for an unknown crusader and reformer who wrote books that never failed on the side of interest and inspiration although they did not always satisfy the tests of completeness and balance. The confessor speaks from the quiet places to which he has withdrawn from the tumult and the conflict. He is not a conqueror who surveys in quiet contemplation his conquests. More is he the disillusioned adventurer who recounts his great experiences. At bottom is he the militant liberal who has learned much and has sat himself down to translate his learning into wisdom.

Combined in him are Ulster and Sweden. That explains much, little, or everything, depending upon whether one looks at the fact through common, ordinary glass, through the ultra-scientific lenses of John Langdon-Davies, or, which is more the fashion just now, through the extra-scientific crystals of Madison Grant, William McDougall, Lothrop Stoddard, and Albert Edward Wiggam. It was a far journey from the small town in Pennsylvania over half a century ago through an evangelizing denominational college, through a modern graduate school, around the outskirts of journalism, through the labyrinth of the law, in and out among the uncertain vicissitudes of public service, on to the calm retreat of to-day. Few in number and slow to be aroused were the enthusiasms of this man. His major loves were three: men, society, and the city. His chief panaceas were the single tax and Municipal Ownership. With the outcome at Versailles his disappointment was the common but strangely undemocratic one that the United States failed to dictate the terms of the peace. In practice the liberals have not risen to any higher level than the conservatives when it comes to the question of recognizing the equal rights of other groups with different opinions. The struggle between the two centers around the mutually desired office of dictator.

Towards the intolerant Frederic C. Howe was not immune from intolerance. Fundamentally he was a protestant. Across his vision of the ideal stalked the ugly shadows of the actual. To dispel these shadows was his mission. His reform was of the catastrophic type rather than the evolutionary. Because of his impatience he succeeded only in part, only in small part. His actual service, I think, was like that of the shock-troops in time of war.

The confessions reveal much of Frederic C. Howe. They shed light from a different angle (not always new light), on Mark Hanna, Tom Johnson, Woodrow Wilson, William Randolph Hearst and others. But chiefly do they overwhelm the reader with an array of the obstacles and barriers that stand in the way of the evangelist, the liberal, the reformer, be he Frederic C. Howe himself, or Tom Johnson, or Woodrow Wilson. This is the source of my discouragement.

The discouragement is intensified by the realization that liberals so rarely possess that happy combination of idealism and realism which we call statesmanship or constructive leadership. If one has it in a measure as had Tom Johnson, and another has it also in a measure as had Theodore Roosevelt, that other will not seldom employ every resource as did Mr. Roosevelt, according to the confessor, to defeat the one lest he should become a national figure. And if by rare chance a liberal arises who has it in much larger measure he will find the entanglements of intolerance and prejudice in minor matters barricading the approaches to the bearerless standard.

ARNOLD J. LIEN.

Washington University.

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CHRISTIANITY AND NATURALISM. By Robert Shafer. Yale University Press. 1926.

Do we have to take our choice between being religious and being honest? Or is there a flaw in our courage and our candor if we try to ignore whatever we cannot hope to explain? Is there mystery that is something more than the not yet isolated and examined?



People interested in these questions will be likely to enjoy this searching and witty series of essays on representative imaginative thinkers of the nineteenth century: Coleridge, Newman, Huxley, Arnold, Butler and Hardy. When they read the introductory chapter on "Religious Thought in England in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" they will be impressed with the author's rare power of making a significant synthesis of accurate knowledge, and given pause, very likely, by the revelation of the cumulative effect of reliance upon rationalistic speculation, beginning with the Reformation and becoming increasingly pronounced throughout those later centuries. But by the time they read the concluding chapter on "Naturalism and Christianity" they will have seen much to make them agree that rationalism and "the exact sciences cannot of themselves give us anything that is ultimately valuable. They are means, not ends, and they are means, moreover, only to the use of the kind of material with which they can deal. He who loses himself in them, and attempts to limit his life by their limitations, loses himself indeed in a deathlike, unmeaning flux."

Mr. Shafer is thoroughly cognizant of the unsatisfactoriness of all systematized forms of Christianity. And he is no protagonist of all-embracing mysticism. What he shows is that faith, a power that science could never supply, underlies all thinking, even that of the arch agnostic and promulgator of the scientific method, Huxley, and that a generous and resolute character such as Cardinal Newman's must be founded upon the direct realization of values that mere naturalism is bound to scout.

He presents the anti-christian Samuel Butler as the thinker who was able to divest himself of vestigial influences of Christianity and so logically to set forth the final implications of naturalism in his advocacy of pleasure as the only object of existence, and his treatment of consciousness as a 'horrid burden which we should use simply for the purpose of ridding ourselves of it as fast as we can.'

Like most books with a thesis, this one is somewhat too simple. And it is not invariably quite fair. But it is an admirable consideration of the lives and thoughts of some inter-

esting men; and it illustrates well the indispensableness of a motive force for character that Christianity does contain and that our heritage from animals and the formulations of science cannot provide.

SIDNEY L. COX.

University of Montana.

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SOUTHERN PIONEERS. Edited by Howard W. Odum, Ph.D. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. Pp. 221.

Professor Odum in his "Introductory Essay"—one of the ten essays on *Southern Pioneers*—one a Northern man, one a Negro—questions why the South is not now producing leaders as she did in earlier times: quoting these pioneers as "Men who worked while their fellows lived." In answer he gives five reasons:—

1st. The failure so far to make quick adjustment to social change. *Possible answer:* Is an agricultural people ever quick to change? For generations they have waited on nature—on seedtime and harvest.

2nd. The South lacks experience and training for the newer leadership. As above—The South has been an agricultural people.

3rd. Lack of universities; and those which she possessed, not thinking in terms of the university.

4th. Lack of atmosphere conducive to achievement and distinction.

5th. Lack of recognition of merit within her own borders.

He makes allowance for all the devastation suffered by the South during the Civil War and for the worse and more undermining tyranny of Reconstruction; and yet, with all this balance in favor of the South, we cannot contradict his arraignment.

For some of his questions we can find surface answers, as, "What has become of the leader with authority?" The query comes, "What has become of 'Authority'? Have we not coined a word 'Scofflaw'? Hear we not daily, 'With his millions he can control anything'; 'He's rich, he'll escape'?" Again he

asks, "Is Mr. Babbitt taking the place of the former man of professional distinction?" We have been assured that Mr. Sinclair Lewis' effort has been to produce literature (?) one hundred per cent American, beginning with *Main Street*, following with *Babbitt*, and has been acclaimed! While yet, we have been warned, "Without vision the people die." Apropos of the above, we find in the first essay, "Woodrow Wilson", 'The man Wilson was an Intellectual. To mention this fact is to classify him as outside the ranks. . . . in any section of the country.'

All of these essays are good, all well worth reading, all are concerned with these least rewarded of the "Noble Army of Martyrs"—the Educators.

S. B. E.

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THE LIFE OF ELBERT H. GARY: THE STORY OF STEEL. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1925. Pp. viii, 355.

The "story of steel" as a manufacturing process dates back to ancient times; but the story as an account of a large-scale industry deals with a form of production less than three-quarters of a century old. It was the introduction of the Bessemer process in the middle of last century and of the open hearth process some decades later that made the production of "tonnage" steel or steel in large amounts possible.

The early history of "tonnage" steel manufacture in the United States was marked by the abuses common to most kinds of industrial undertakings that assumed corporate forms. The "story of steel", as told by Miss Tarbell, is a narrative of the growth of the consolidation movement in this industry, culminating in the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, followed by the adoption of a higher standard of business ethics than had heretofore prevailed. The central figure in this consolidation movement and in the moral transformation following it was Judge Gary, chairman of the Board of Directors.

The early life of Judge Gary with the influences of his Methodist training and associations, his career as a lawyer, his selection by J. P. Morgan as the latter's main support in the con-

summation of the project for organizing the leading steel producers into one great consolidation, are all parts of a narrative which showed the substitution in American business of "balance for instability — mutual interest for militarism — co-operation for defiance — frankness for secrecy — good-will for distrust." The events following the organization of the Steel Corporation, while showing some survivals of old predatory habits of business, reveal, according to the author, the growth of a new type of business statesmanship. The most important factor in this growth was the character of Judge Gary himself. In a period when men of large industrial interests looked askance at President Roosevelt's policy of publicity and corporate regulation Mr. Gary gave him cordial support. The same social attitude was evinced in the handling of the labor problem. In the payment of wages, security of employment and prevention of accidents, the Steel Corporation under Judge Gary's influence set a high standard.

The tribute paid Mr. Gary by Miss Tarbell is not an isolated one, as others have noted the new spirit infused into business relationships by the example set by the Steel Corporation. The tribute, too, in the judgment of the reviewer, is deserved. Questions, however, can legitimately be raised with respect to the wisdom and even morality of the Corporation's policy dealing with trade unions. With this policy, an inheritance of the past, Mr. Gary is apparently in sympathy, and the author makes at least a partial attempt to justify Mr. Gary's attitude. Whatever may be one's view of Miss Tarbell's rather unreserved praise of her subject she has made a notable contribution to our knowledge of one who represents a type of industrial statesmanship which is striving to keep pace with the demands of modern democracy.

ABRAHAM BERGLAND.

University of Virginia.

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COMMANDING AN AMERICAN ARMY: RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WORLD WAR.  
By Hunter Liggett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. Pp. 208.

The writer of this little book was the commander of the First Army of the A. E. F. in the World War, and he writes in the clear and terse but totally dispassionate and almost

dehumanized style of the typical military observer. The General makes here and there a picturesque or a shrewd observation upon conditions in France or in Germany, but as a rule his interest is absorbed in the names and numbers of regiments, divisions and army corps, together with their respective commanders, and his pages are taken up with marches, positions and attacks. Reports, army orders, secret and technical instructions for attacking formations will be found a plenty, but the book lacks the personal and human side, and therefore will not appeal to the general reader.

S. L. W.

BRIGHAM YOUNG. By M. R. Werner. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. Pp. 478.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MORMONISM. By James H. Snowden, D.D. New York: G. H. Doran Co. 1926. Pp. 369.

From our vantage ground, *The Book of Mormon* is no doubt a dull book, transparently naïve. Its followers have long been an easy mark of ridicule for any virtuous newcomer; it was easy, too, to be humorously fair about the Mormon galaxy of holy, credulous, violent saints and apostles. The Reverend Dr. Snowden follows the beaten path. With his feet firmly planted in Christian orthodoxy he brands Joseph Smith's "revelations" for no more excellent reason than that the Christian Bible is the only true revelation. Neither does he bother to examine the Mormon dispensation as a workable way of life, or to find a rational explanation of the vitality of the movement, believing that he has damned it by calling Joseph hard names,—“ill-balanced, imaginative peek-stone user . . . dreamer and deceiver.” He believes he has destroyed *The Book of Mormon* by declaring it “conceived in plagiarism and brought forth in falsity.” In his zeal he shuts his eyes to facts: he declares the Mormon bible was a romance written by Solomon Spaulding and stolen from a Pittsburgh printer by Sidney Rigdon, the revivalist; although the Spaulding story has never been established, and although Rigdon remained silent about the matter when he stood greatly to gain by a confession after his expulsion from the Mormon Church.



With true orthodox perspicuity, touching the affairs of another faith, he finally admonishes the Mormons to give up their bible and their saints, seeing that modern science "is putting dynamite under the foundations of Mormonism." [So much for a clergyman's singular critique in the pursuit of "the truth."]

On the other hand, Mr. Werner is the first biographer-historian who has approached the subject with understanding. He, too, has yielded to the irresistible temptation to detail humorously "celestial" marriages and household gossip, curiously missing the reasons why Mormonism articulately sought to encourage the increase of numbers. But such omissions are easily forgiven, with the gift of this superb critical study before us.

Professor Turner's famous essays on the American frontier have by this time become part of our intellectual texture, and a Werner is thinkable because a Turner taught. The story of Mormonism and its leaders is the story of the independence, loneliness, restlessness, inexorable faith, and raw democracy of the frontier, where one driving idea served to raise up an heroic and bigoted following. *The Book of Mormon* was a pioneer bible reaffirming the primitive equality of mankind, the frontiersman's dislike of the aristocrat and the educated priesthood, and it was no accident that the movement coincided with the pioneer democracy which shoved Andrew Jackson into the White House.

The Mormons undertook to do what the Pilgrims, the Quakers and the Baptists had once undertaken. Mr. Werner's story of their long trek into the wilderness, the settlement of infertile lands, the long struggles amid hostile forces, and the flowering of their community on the desert is exceedingly well told. In Brigham Young the movement had a people's leader and an organizer unmatched in American History. Young was great not because he swallowed Joseph but because he worked and knew how to coördinate the efforts of his people. The first in our history, he has devised a social-economic order which rooted the pioneering American to the soil without "skimming" the land. In an age of exploitation, land-grabbing, speculation and wastage he has developed a coördinated agrarian-industrial

life, a coöperative irrigation economy, and a mercantile institution planted so securely that it could resist the competition of big business from the East when it did come in the wake of the railway. It was perhaps common sense at work; but if so, a sense which we to-day, faced with the wastage of man-power and resources, perceive to be a commodity pretty uncommon.

E. M. K.

A POETRY RECITAL. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

ROAN STALLION, TAMAR AND OTHER POEMS. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925.

SLOW SMOKE. By Lew Sarrett. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925.

HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK. By Babette Deutsch. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925.

YULE FIRES. By Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

AMERICAN MYSTICAL VERSE. By Miss Hunter. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925.

ANOTHER BOOK OF VERSES FOR CHILDREN. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

One of the things that makes me happiest in poetry is patience. The poetry that gives me pure delight has no wanness, no stripes from scourging. It is written without strain. In a world all tense with necessity and baffled with desires thwarted, the poet for me is the man or woman who sees into the limitless and keeps well within his limits. He is unvaryingly fresh because he is not worn out by straining after freshness. His faith is of the far-in, silent sort that enables him to wait and wait, never to force to fulness. He is possessed of creative patience.

Of the volumes spread before me only one was read right through without a strain on my part. *A Poetry Recital*, by James Stephens, a volume of only forty-one pages, is composed of selections from five volumes of his poetry and a few new poems. They are free from poetic strain. The music of them is various, and it seems as inevitable and lovely as the casual sounds of partridge and breeze and chipmunk in a solitary can-

yon while the sun is on it. They are masterfully simple little poems; and nearly all of them whimsical. Some are fanciful, some are indignant and some are religious; but there is a suggestion in all that they were written for the fun of it. Stephens likes the discoveries he has made about life just as he likes the singing sounds of words and exquisite phrases, and difficult varieties of verse. But he doesn't get too oracular about them. The poems with the names of people for titles are remarkable for insight without pretentiousness.

But it was Robinson Jeffers' *Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems* that I read with most eagerness. This American poet of California appealed to me in some of his long narratives very much as the Bible did when I was very young in such stories as that of David and Bathsheba. What we have until this generation kept out of American literature, Jeffers puts very richly in. And though I suspect that he shares the common tendency of readers of Freud to find in him an account of rather more than enough of life, and though I am sure that the proportion of incest in those poems is high, I don't hold it against the poet that he is somewhat summarily rectifying the balance after the long period of taboo. Certainly he writes with delicacy for all his bold frankness, and certainly he makes the warmth and mystery and power of passion reach the reader through his words. In his vivid American idiom with its distinctness of realization the story of Clytemnestra and Oedipus and Electra gains a connection with everyday experience it never had for me before. But I am glad that most of his themes and settings are of California and the present, and that his poetic warp has the unfamiliarity for readers of flowers and beaches distinctively American and western. He has intensity, and originality in vision, matter and form. And yet he is not free from the poetic strain. When he rhapsodizes philosophically he puts the reader under such a strain, to get a sense of meaning, as few, I think, will bear. And he is constantly muddling his convincing stories with preposterous fantasies. That is, he uses a mystic symbolism that is extravagant and crude. Which is another way of declaring that he lacks the patience to think things through as far

as thought will go, and then to remain noncommittal about what he cannot know. I think the restraint of never straining would make him a still better poet.

Lew Sarrett's *Slow Smoke* I supposed after slight sampling was going to exhibit the poetic strain. I mistakenly guessed that here was a poet deliberately seeking a virgin environment in order to exhibit traditional poetry in untried habiliments. But, with a few poems like "Frail Beauty" excepted, what he accomplishes is more genuine than that. Real Indians inhabit his poems; and unsought experiences give the subjects and much of the imagery. The language is not affectedly woodsy, and yet it is indigenous and has a fibre to stand against a wind. And there is a stride and breath about the rhythms new to verse and appropriate to our Rocky Mountain trails. *Slow Smoke* is virile, and imaginative, full of zest, sensitiveness and sympathy, American, and, except when the writer was too impatient for a poem, true poetry.

Babette Deutsch's *Honey Out of the Rock* is here and there slightly influenced by the intellectual and æsthetic straining of the metropolis. The writer is evidently strong in passion and maternal affection, sensible of luscious, heavy beauty as well as bright, clear beauty, and intelligent enough for generous irony. And she has things of her own to say about love and marriage and work and death. Her book is dignified and firm and fraught with charm of a reticent and austere sort. But I could wish she had waited longer for the filling of a book.

But it is the three anthologies that most conspicuously illustrate the strain of poetry. Two of them are religious. I will speak first of them. Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, the editor of *Yule Fire*, is straining every nerve to be a Saint Teresa in New York. She is lifting herself into a sort of mysticism that involves moments of complete absorption in the All, and also a childlike confidence in 'the possession of the living Christ'. It is a sort of prayer-meeting mysticism, and one suspiciously charged with protestations. There is wise and sound religion included in it. But it is religion that knows too much. I feel again and

again that the self-styled, unquestioning mystics are fine people, so devoted to the All that they leave out of their recognition nearly all of life. They strain so to embrace the Infinite that they lose all grasp of the immediate and relative. Of course there are good poems in Mrs. Wilkinson's collection of new and old songs and verses about Mary and the birth of Jesus, and the wise men and the ox and the ass. The best, I must say, are those least in harmony with the simplifying, anti-humorous spirit of the editor's introduction: Hardy's, Frost's, Robinson's and Stephen Binet's. Other fine and famous poems are there; but if you want to feed on them at Christmas, you must be able to forget all irony.

The book of *American Mystical Verse* contains a few of the same selections. But the strain of reading it is less mitigated. There are more weak and unfelt poems in it. Yet it, too, contains poems by some master spirits. Many of the poems musically record genuine spiritual experiences. As the transmission of a mood they are true and, one by one, moving, doubtless. But the whole book leaves an amazing impression of emptiness. It is the reiterated assertion of the universal. We can't help believing in universals, and in some universal. But all we can experience is particulars; and that is all we can imagine. That is why the symbols of mysticism are so colorless in the first place and so terribly second-hand in most poems. Maybe it's because I'm so religious that I resent the late Miss Hunter's bringing together so many poems expressing a certitude that seems to me irreverent.

The third collection is E. V. Lucas's *Another Book of Verses for Children*. Many famous names appear in that reverentially selected collection. But I wonder if those same famous writers were not most of them rather straining their voices into a falsetto fit, as they erroneously supposed, for children. I am moderately assured that the readers of the volume will be chiefly child-loving adults, and pitiable boys and girls who have a taste for verse forcibly developed or who are already avid of the collectable culture that lends superiority. I'd hate to have my children grow up to think poetry was as pulpited and remote as



these lines, for instance: 'Child of the Country! free as air' and 'Child of the Town! for thee I sigh!'

Poetry need not be in any way strained. We need more patient poets.

SIDNEY L. COX.

University of Montana.

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THE WAY OF THE MAKERS. By Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

In her foreword, Mrs. Wilkinson says, "My book is not made for scholars, but for men, women, and children who may wish to know more about their poets—how they feel, think, live, and labor." For this purpose, an excellent one, she has brought together passages from the writings of English and American poets of all periods. Although much of the actual material in this book will be familiar to the scholars whom Mrs. Wilkinson excludes from the group of those for whom she writes, even they will find much of interest and profit in the volume. Moreover, the collection has been done with skill and taste; the selections are varied and pertinent. The material thus gathered is arranged in seven sections, and for each Mrs. Wilkinson has written a few pages of introduction,—an address from the chair at the "experience meeting" at which she says she is presiding. These pages are wise and suggestive in analysis and interpretation, and delightful in style.

Perhaps the greatest importance of the book lies in the illumination it will bring to the mind of the "young student of poetry," for whom it is chiefly intended. The young student, as all who have ever taught literature will know, is too apt to think that poems are like Topsy—they "just grewed." He acknowledges the wisdom and necessity of practice and labor in the other arts; he mourns that the bloom is rubbed from the peach if the hand of conscious artistry and revision touches a poem. The teacher will welcome this book as one to prove that poets think long and deeply not only about their art and its theory but also about individual poems. They will be glad also to show their students that poets have a high confidence

in their powers and their mission, a noble desire of fame, a large share of that fine quality which Shelley, personally one of the most retiring of men, so greatly admired—Self-Esteem.

Mrs. Wilkinson has been wise to choose poets widely separated in time. In so doing, she has demonstrated that the way of the makers is essentially one through the years, and that in spite of varying forms and disagreeing definitions, in spite of the schools of critics who would make for us schools of poetry, the poets themselves, whether, like Shelley, they are "gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars," or whether, like Sandburg, they sing of "Chicago, hog-butcher of the world," belong to one great school, that of—

the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.

ELIZABETH NITCHIE.

Goucher College.

THE MIND OF JOHN KEATS. By Clarence Dewitt Thorpe. Oxford University Press, American Branch. 1926.

Though I look into a good many books by professors, prompted most likely by a spirit of rivalry, I generally do it shamefacedly with the suspicion that I am mispending time badly needed for works of art that would probably be more enjoyable. But when I took up this one and read the last chapter first, my scruples were partly silenced. The mind of Keats, and particularly his mind as disclosed in his letters collected by Houghton, has intense fascination for me. And though I objected to some of the recapitulations as superfluous, and found one of the paraphrases unsound, I was delighted by certain sentences. Here are two or three admirable statements of the poet's developed attitude:

And, with remarkable clarity of judgment, he came to the conviction that all that can be known or imagined as to a world beyond visible reality must be deduced from that reality itself, that there is no more valid basis for an understanding of the infinite than a thorough knowledge of the finite, especially a knowledge of the human heart itself, which, to know in its fullness and profundity, is to know

the burden of the mystery; and since it is in the darkest, most tragic and miserable hours of life that the soul of man approaches nearest to infinite and godlike capacities, then that poet understands most of all-that-is-desirable-to-know who has probed to the depths the most profound misery, pain, and heartbreak of the great suffering heart of humanity.'

'It led him direct to the world in which we live for his materials for poetry, which should be great in proportion as in it the most significant of human experiences and the sharpest of men's passions should be portrayed.

The business of the poet, as a discoverer and interpreter of this Beauty, consequently comes to be to catch the quiet, mysterious overtones of life and to body them forth in objective forms of truth and power.

When I turned to the first chapter, however, on 'Keats, Thinker', my doubts were confirmed by ennui as I attended with an effort to the author's elaborate proofs that his book was not unnecessary because others who had been aware that Keats had a maturing philosophy had not presented their recognition with sufficient understanding. And as I labored through the reduplicated summaries and reiterations, and the explanations that render the poet's flashes of insight less true in proportion as they are more exact, I wished that the professor had really grasped the lines he quoted,—

... I cannot speak  
Definitely of these mighty things.

I wished he had realized the truth of his own assertion that 'it is through the kindling of the imagination into a flame of intuitive perspective activity that the beauty—the truth—of any work is revealed.'

With his genuine and warm admiration of the neglected wisdom of Keats, Mr. Thorpe could have used, once instead of over and over, passages of the letters and some poems, to kindle a flame of intuitive perception: the perception that Keats made a noble effort to achieve a reconciliation of the world of dream and the world of everyday experience, and a reconciliation of intuition and informed thought. If Mr. Thorpe had really shared a little more the spirit of John Keats he would have perceived

that for all men, as well as for the poet he loves, such reconciliations are inevitably 'not altogether satisfactory, not quite complete.' And he would not have tried in so grandmotherly a fashion to prove that when Keats 'almost sounds like a sensuous man', he was not really so.

If the professor were also an artist, he could have written a fine, brief, light-casting essay instead of a goodish contribution to knowledge that *almost* succeeds in being scholar-proof and fool-proof.

SIDNEY L. COX.

University of Montana.

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COLLECTED WORK OF JOHN MASEFIELD. 4 Vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

This attractive, finely-made edition of Masefield's collected poetry and prose plays fitly celebrates the greatest literary achievement of our time, the work of a man who will survive all change and circumstance, because he gazed at life courageously, grappled with her harsh realities and remained true to the quest of beauty. In the "Salt Water Ballads" published when Masefield was twenty-eight, the young poet was moved by the beauty of sea and ships. But with "The Everlasting Mercy" a new page was written in English poetry. After a long interval poetry was again on the congested highways of mankind, again in the thick of life, all the doubtings and speculations and the pale faith of the Victorian Era left far behind. And yet the greatest of moderns was the most traditional in his technique; the most versatile was the most rooted in "the heartfelt things past-speaking dear." Deep-rootedness made him all-human, so that he could write sadly but with eyes undimmed his "August, 1914" to the men dying for some dream and a faith unseen "of an English city never built by hands." From first to last Masefield carried within himself a flaming belief in man overcoming defeat and disaster, the beauty and the grandeur of the "faithful fool" following "the torn flag" and of the woman "marching by the beaten man." Such poetry of strug-

gle and onmarching will keep him forever dear in the memory of generations who will believe, on re-reading him, that the Universe must have meaning, and that "Something stands aloft through Time."

With his wonted freedom and realism Masfield handles the story of the trial of Jesus; with keen insight and intellectual perception he depicts the hopes, the fears and the prejudices of the priesthood, without failing to notice their deep sincerity. None, not even Pilate or Herod or Judas, is a character of one piece. The poet reveres the man in each. Not even Christ appears as a divinity; rather as a man of ideal proportions, perfect in character, and free from attributes conceived by the faithful as fundamental articles of religion and salvation.

W. H.

Washington, D. C.

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WHAT'S O'CLOCK? By Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. Pp. 240.

In her earlier volumes Amy Lowell was a true and fastidious craftsman, a poet nourished on books and charged with intellectual intensity, a tireless explorer stimulated by other minds, although as a poet wanting in lustiness and contact with the world of raw realities. All the qualities haunt her posthumous volume: the breath of autumnal moods, romance in armor, garden seclusions, glowing patches, and dead elegancies. But there is a new note ringing louder than in her former poetry. There is self-evaluation, and there is achievement of contract with living things. The book holds her highest work, and nothing is lovelier and tenderer in the entire range of her poetry than "Lilacs," her apotheosis of New England. It was a growing poet that death snatched away from our midst.

E. M. K.



## REVIEWS IN BRIEF

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS. Edited by Norman Ault. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925. Pp. 536.

Mr. Ault has brought together the largest collection of the lyrical outpourings of the "spacious days" of Queen Elizabeth, —640 poems written between 1530 and 1620. He has preserved the original words except in their spelling, for which the layman will be praiseful. The poems are arranged by the years of their composition, marking a literary development without obscuring the individual craftsman. It is an immense service to our own adventurous age that the editor has rendered in letting us feel the high seriousness, the courage, the melancholy, the boldness, and the charm of a vanished day, in the limpid flow of their own language.

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GOD'S GLOOM: TALES FROM THE PANCHATANTRA. Translated from the Sanscrit by A. W. Ryder. University of Chicago Press. 1925.

No early book has enjoyed so many translations as this book of wise and witty tales. Sir Thomas North turned it into English from the Italian. In recent years, in 1915, it appeared in the Harvard Oriental Series, and Dr. W. N. Brown of Yale made a study of its folklore in 1919. Another study came from Professor Egerton of the University of Pennsylvania. Now the enthusiasm has reached the Middle West. Professor Ryder, in addition to making a full translation of the Panchatantra, is the first to communicate his enthusiasm to the younger readers by the publication of a shorter version of the famous wisdom tales, in a small book admirable in style and beautiful in type, binding and jacket.

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SAMUEL PEPYS. By J. Lucas Dubreton. Translated by H. J. Stenning. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925.

This book with sixteen copies of portraits of king's mistresses and other celebrities of the Restoration, and its attractive pages of large type and wide spaces, is an exceedingly readable bi-

ography. By an adroit juxtaposition of paraphrases from the famous *Pepy's Diary*, interspersed with clear-headed comments, the author amuses us at the contradictions on which reputable careers are erected, at the same time that he brings close to our imaginations a notorious time in English history. It is perhaps about as clever a book as could be produced from a deliberately adopted, and emphatically sophisticated ironic vantage point. And it richly ministers to the craving for the unpurgated without at all making scared excursions into adultery seem admirable. If no one would think more highly of humanity for reading it, no one either would be abetted in the still common effort to give dignity to mankind by subterfuges.

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MAY DAYS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE FROM *Masses-Liberator*. Edited by Genevieve Taggard. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926.

Because it is not an anthology of the "best" poems chosen for excellence alone the book has character, holding unusual interest for the student of our social, political and literary life in 1912-24. Opinions may differ about the value of these collected poems, but none can miss their sincerity, passion, anger, pity. The anthology has aimed to preserve "the flavor of those days" by admitting light verse, propaganda, as well as pieces of high merit. The work stands as a product of a decade, as a challenge to our social complacency and passivity; it represents an attitude, true, but no vain gesture.

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CATHERINE THE GREAT. By Katherine Anthony. New York: A. A. Knopf. 1925.

This is the open season. Everybody is writing a "life." The game is on. Given the Freudian formula, the hunter will bring down any game, large or small. Here's Catherine the Great, a murderess, a tyrant, playing with liberal ideas and giving away estates, money and serfs by the thousands to her favorites. But, according to revelations of the new psychology in the hands of merry faddists, Catherine is a case of incomplete emotional contact between daughter and father, the father

image standing between her and the thirteen or more inadequate unions, which rendered self-realization in love impossible. As fiction, let it pass. But why do reviewers everywhere call it a piece of historical research, and exploit the author as one who has utilized all historical data suppressed all these years? Not a word here about original documents that would establish the author's pretty guess. Why trumpet abroad "discoveries" hitherto unknown? All the facts and all the fiction here revealed—and more—are readily accessible in *Vie de Catherine II, Imperatrice de Russie* which appeared in two volumes in Paris in 1797, and in numerous Russian works published long before the Revolution. Suppressed, indeed! What a gullible race reviewers be!

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PETER THE CZAR. By "Klabund." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. Pp. 152.

The German poet and novelist, Alfred Henschke, makes no pretensions at writing a biography or a history. In Germany the story has been proclaimed an epic "sweeping stormlike over the monstrous steppes," "a great symphony, a furiosum." In New York it was hailed as "Odyssean thunder," "thrilling as the Dempsey-Firpo fight." It is all jazz, hysteria, naïve and incoherent, dull for half its 152 short pages, the ravings of a man caught in a poison-gas attack. Matters of fact and time are, incidentally, useless virtues: thus, the Czar's mother is killed off at his birth, and his son before Petersburg was founded.

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STEAMBOAT DAYS. By Fred E. Dayton and J. W. Adams. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1925. Pp. 436.

Danger has gone out of travel, and sailing is no longer an adventure in a "floating steam kettle." Captain Clark has recorded the clipper ship, and now Mr. Dayton relates the whole history of American steamboating, East and West, on our rivers and waterways, bays, lakes and sea coast. It is a story of belching, pounding, trembling, thundering boats, of smelly kitchens and of furnaces and boilers striking panic into the

hearts of the timid. Here are bearded captains and rough deck-hands; racings and sinkings; cargoes and rate wars; stories writ large in the Western expansion of the country and the commercial life of the seacoast towns. As a record it is an important book, a necessary book; it is, besides, an artistic work, thanks to the pen and ink sketches of the late John Wolcott Adams.

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WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS. By George A. Dorsey. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1925. Pp. 512.

In this book by an anthropologist whose province is all humanity, we are called upon to stop destroying each other. It is a book for the increase of intelligence in mankind, an exciting book about ourselves, perhaps the most fascinating book in the whole range of modern science. The author is very human, engaging, merry, keeping the reader bestirred and awake with "hermones and gonads", "visceral and kinesthetic receptors", "embryonic germ-layers", etc. The raw materials of life being known, it is his purpose to gather the facts scattered through many sciences, put them in order, and make them tell why we behave as we do instead of devoting ourselves to our common problems.

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UNCOMMON AMERICANS. By Don C. Seitz. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1925. Pp. 328.

Mr. Seitz hunts small game only. In fact, he does not care to bring his game down, satisfied with the sport of shooting off his barrel of small shot. Most of his twenty-two uncommon Americans are mere shadows of the past,—evangelists, soldiers, cranks, prophets, statesmen. They are uncommon because they conform to the author's theory that to be successful is to be unconventional and bluff. He observes, "the success of most charlatans dates from the beginning of their belief in themselves." Humbug, acting, and self-advertising are the signs of success. In keeping with the theme, the book is poorly written, slipshod in style, punctured with needless exclamation points, and as a rule never reaching the vitals of character.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH LITERATURE SINCE 1890. By Carl Van Doren and Mark Van Doren. New York: The Century Company. 1925. Pp. 350.

This is a manual cleared of nonessentials, and effective by force of descriptive criticism. Beyond characterizations of individual achievements nothing is seriously attempted, and no consideration of literary movements is allowed to disturb the simple plan of the book. A few pages about the currents of life and thought might have sharpened the outlines of individual literary craftsmanship, and made the work more enduring, but evidently the authors had no greater ambition than to throw another text on the market.

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THE STORY OF MAN'S WORK. By W. R. Hayward and G. W. Johnson. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1925. Pp. 245.

Not a work in economics, but a story told freely and deftly of man's long struggle from early brutish times to a sharing in the enjoyments of civilization. The authors behold the present scene of joyless work and thwarted creative instincts, but are not discouraged. They do not fear the brute-machine, nor man's hesitancy to master his mechanical slaves. Being true-blood Americans they have a lyric faith in the triumph of democracy. Bright children of twelve and college freshmen should be immensely enlightened by the story.

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THE CHRISTIAN OUTLOOK. By Sir William J. Ashley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925. Pp. 99.

A tiny collection of nine addresses charming in utterance as they are solid in content; purposeful, without being a call to battle, and stressing duty as our social faith. There is no escape from industrial mechanism. He sees that competition is eliminating itself, and contents himself by preaching faith, work and patience. One lays aside the lovely book with a sigh:—only the aged can afford to be cool and reposeful and elegant. But beyond the garden wall we know are cries, dust, shouts and mangled bodies.